TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I was sorry to see in the report of last week's meeting of the Trades and Labor Council, a paragraph attacking Andrew B. Ingram, M.P.P., West Elgin, for not having seconded the motion of Mr. Garson, M.P.P., Lincoln, that the Harman annuity clause be struck out of the Toronto City Bill lately before the Legislature. I was and am opposed to the system of pensioning city servants or civil servants of any kind, but the Toronto Council having not only passed, but re-affirmed the clause in question, and all the city members supporting it, it was, under the circumstances, a much less serious offence on Mr. Ingram's part, to refuse to vote for striking out the clause, than it was for Mr. Garson to vote in favor of dividing this city into two registry districts. The Harman annuity proposition though wrong in principle meant the support in his old age of an honest and efficient public servant who was retiring from office in poverty after faithfully serving the city for over twenty years; these circumstances surrounded the vote with the sentimental difficulties which are always so strong in killing opposition and causing legislators to be generous with other people's money. As Toronto, through the votes of the City Council and her representatives in the Legislature, had shown a willingness to be generous in this matter one can excuse Mr. Ingram for a desire to avoid prominence in working against the annuity—a matter, too, which was entirely outside of party politics. But how can we either excuse or palliate Mr. Garson's dereliction of duty as a labor representative when we find him voting in favor of pensioning Mr. Peter Ryan—to whom the city owes nothing for public services or private enterprise—particularly after the York Law Society, the City Council and two of the three city members of the Legislature had condemned in the strongest terms the proposal to have two registrars for Toronto? The money in both instances will have to be paid by Toronto, and in the more unjust and entirely indefensible case the amount will be much larger and more oppressive than in the other.

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The worst feature, however, in the whole matter is the attitude in which we discover the Trades and Labor Council itself. It used its influence both by resolution and delegations to defeat the Harman clause but failed, until after the event, to grapple with the scheme for pensioning Mr. Ryan. This indicated partisanship to which I called attention a couple of weeks ago. Mr. Harman is not a politician, but Mr. Ryan, who is to be the beneficiary of the division of the city for registry purposes, is a very declared partisan of the Grit stump orator type and a friend of some of the most prominent Trades and Labor Council officials. This phase of the case was bad enough, but Friday night's report developed a still worse feature. Not only was the Trade and Labor Council disposed to censure Ingram, who generally votes with the Conservatives, for a minor offense, but they showed no inclination to censure Garson, who is found almost invariably voting with the Grits, for a much more serious transgression. If this is not offensive partisanship, what is? It is useless to cover it up by voting censure on the government for establishing two registry offices after it had been done and the weeks of neglected opportunity for a protest had passed. I very much dislike to criticize the Trades and Labor Council, for I appreciate the difficulties which beset it and recognize the good it has done, but if those of us who have stood by it in good and evil report are not to be permitted to candidly state reasons for believing that it has not only gone wrong but is still going further astray, who is there who should be allowed to speak without being considered prejudiced and impertinent?

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The substance of the charge I am thus forced to bring is this: That the Trades and Labor Council is acting in this matter as a Grit machine: 1st. In permitting a grievous wrong (so stated in last week's report) to go without protest until too late to influence either public opinion or the Legislature, and at this late hour not even censuring labor representative Garson for supporting the said "grievous wrong," while (2nd) it denounces labor representative Ingram for supporting a much less "grievous wrong," thereby endeavoring to injure a representative who is working with the Conservatives while protecting by its silence labor representative Garson who works with the Grits! Is not this a proof of the oft repeated charge that the Trades and Labor Council is very much inclined to be a Grit machine? It seems to me so, and I deeply regret it for I believe it will seriously impair its usefulness. Mr. Garson is a friend of mine, and a clever, capable fellow; of Mr. Ingram I have heard good things though I have never had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and I am specially sorry to see organized labor trying to kill off one of its representatives in order to boom another. It is not fair play and can do nothing but harm.

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Last week I had already finished my page and indeed considerably exceeded the space which I ordinarily allow for my comments before the result of the voting on the Scott Act was announced. It was a matter for neither surprise nor regret that the Act was repealed by such enormous majorities. Three or four years ago while visiting in a Scott Act county a number of clergymen told me that the Scott Act was a failure and that they had discovered it to have been born of hypocrisy and nourished on the sentiment that it was easy to seem virtuous by being wonderfully anxious to force other people to be sober. One well-known Presbyterian clergyman told me that he believed three-fourths of the people who voted for the Scott Act did so with the idea that it would be a good law for somebody else. Jones thought of Smith as being addicted to liquor, and felt that the Act would be a good thing for Smith, while he himself calculated that he would always be able to get plenty of liquor without inconvenience. Smith thought of Jones in the same way. He felt that Jones was imperilling his fortune and future by indulging in drink, and he voted for the Scott Act with the praiseworthy idea of reforming Jones, while he (Smith) calculated that when he wanted a drink he would know where to go for it. Of course, a large number of people, themselves total abstainers, believed in prohibition as the proper principle, but they were not sufficiently numerous either to carry the Act or to create a sufficiently strong public opinion to insist upon its enforcement. Men of the Jones and Smith type calculated to be law-breakers, while they were most enthusiastic as law-makers. Every man who acted as an informer had to endure the execration of the just and unjust alike, and the business of a whisky detective was admitted to be the most sneaking and despicable way of earning a dollar which mankind had yet invented. With this sort of public opinion it is not wonderful that the efforts of the genuine temperance people were unsuccessful. To make matters still harder, the Ontario Government used the enforcement of the law or forgiveness of offences as a political lever by which to lift votes from one side of the party fence to the other. It is notorious that in a number of Scott Act counties, hotelkeepers who sided with the Government and employed their money and energy in securing the election of Mr. Mowat's partisans, were free from prosecution, while those who added to the iniquity of illicit selling the more serious offence of being Tories, were kept roasting on the gridiron continually. Mr. Mowat was in the fortunate position of being able in the counties where the Crooks Act was being enforced to tyrannize over hotel men by means of his partisan license inspectors, while in the Scott Act counties it was quite as easy to employ the partisans appointed for the purpose of hearing liquor cases to accomplish the same end. The result was that the Scott Act became a roaring farce, and drunkenness was so rapidly increasing that the best temperance men voted for its repeal. The result as regards the Crooks Act will be much the same after it has been used as a political machine a few years longer.

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Two weeks ago I quoted the Scott Act as one of the distinguished failures which almost always result from the agitation of public and political questions by clergymen. They try to make us too good and carry the thing so far that they make us worse. This is invariably the result when in a period of excitement the clergy by importing emotionalism into a common-sense question work the people up to a pitch of temporary exaltation. Such means may succeed in carrying an election but in the reaction which follows the people are apt to slide from the mountain tops of goodness into the deepest and darkest valleys of naughtiness. In a few years more the public mind will doubtless be prepared for a further reduction of the traffic, and in still a few years more prohibition may be possible. The surest way to work towards this end is the high license system and a thorough inspection, not intended to prevent the illicit sale of liquor alone but to prohibit the sale of the adulterated, poisonous stuff which is perhaps more harmful not only to the moral, but to the physical condition of the community than if twice as much pure liquor were consumed.

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The passage, by a large majority, of the Waterworks by-law on Wednesday last, indicates that the property owners of Toronto are disposed to be generous in the amounts they allow the City Executive, so long as they feel that they are to get value for their money. But the very small total vote is a dangerous symptom of the lethargy of those upon whom the responsibility rests of voting the funds to carry on necessary improvements. If only twelve or thirteen hundred voters take sufficient interest to go to the poll, while nearly as many thousands stay away, it is very apt to mean that only speculators and those interested in booming public works are taking the trouble to vote for such measures, while only the mossbacks and retrogressionists can be persuaded to come out and vote against them. In the middle of next month a by-law authorizing the expenditure of a considerable sum of money for the erection of a combined court-house, city and county building, will be before the people and it is to be hoped the measure will carry. If, however, there is again anything like so large a majority of stay-at-homes, those who are opposed to any public expenditure will have an exceedingly good opportunity of defeating the by-law. The court-house is absolutely needed. The land has been bought; the revenue from it is next to nothing. Year by year we are squandering large sums in patching up old rookeries, and if Toronto is to go ahead great public spirit will have to be shown.

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Talking about by-laws and bonuses, that was a queer contest they had in Ailsa Craig the other day when a by-law granting $1500 and a site for a grist mill was carried by 105 to 1. That one man must have felt lonesome when he discovered the result, and yet there is quite a chance that he is right and the other one hundred and six were wrong. The bonus system has almost invariably proven to be a failure. If it should prove to be the case in Ailsa Craig that solitary voter will have a great chance to turn up his nose at his neighbors.

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There has been a large rally of the Women's Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church. Many excellent addresses, well-worded resolutions and elaborate reports have been presented. While I appreciate the fact that there is a great deal of work to be done amongst the heathen, I can imagine occupations wherein the ladies of the Presbyterian Church and the ladies of all other churches might accomplish more good for the human race and affect the saving of more souls. While the ladies are working industriously for the heathen and raising vast sums of money to carry the gospel to the savages, the work of visiting the homes of the poor, of seeking to save the fallen and to purify the lives of those who have already heard of God but know Him not, is being neglected. Many of these energetic and worthy women would almost rather step from the sidewalk into the road than have their skirts brush against the robes of their fallen sisters who parade the streets. While I believe that idleness and natural viciousness are apt to be the impelling forces which keep many fallen ones bound by the chains of vice, is it not possible that the same energy and self-sacrifice exerted on behalf of sinners at home would accomplish more good than the sending of missionaries abroad? The total receipts for last year were $58,048 35. This is not enough to send very many missionaries to India, Africa or China, but it would be sufficient to employ one hundred and fifty women in the work of evangelizing the heathen in our byways, lanes and tenement houses. One of the reverend speakers concluded his address by saying "he believed the reason why the interest in foreign work was so intense was because the field was so illimitable." Possibly. Yet it is not unlikely that the interest is so intense because "distant fields look green," the harvests cannot be examined too closely and the work may be accomplished by proxy. It is always nicer to get someone else to make sacrifices than to make them one's self. If the work were being done at home it would have to be done by ladies who now satisfy themselves by getting up entertainments and soliciting subscriptions. It would be worthier and more direct to go out and solicit the attention of local sinners and minister to the despairing souls near our doors; but the idea of buying one's religious contentment and the hiring of someone to "do" our Christian exercises at so much per annum, has gotten so firm a hold on the ordinary mind that mission and evangelizing work is seldom attempted except by those who are paid for it and it is not needful to say that the hired shepherd is not so watchful of the flock as the one who has a direct interest in the safety of the sheep.

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There is scarcely a newspaper in the city which has not agitated against the present system of lugging prisoners to the police station in an open patrol wagon. Some months ago I gave a number of instances of the degrading effects of publicly parading an unconvicted man as a drunk or criminal. The *Evening News* has now taken the matter up and is making a vigorous and timely attack upon the continuance of the system. It seems to take the Police Commissioners a long while to become convinced of what is apparent to every observer. They seem to imagine that it is their duty to fight public opinion in this matter, while obviously both in deference to it and the common instincts of humanity, covers should have been put on the wagons long ago. The change would be inexpensive, and even if it were a costly affair, the police department cannot afford to fight the wishes of the people and to unnecessarily degrade those who are arrested.

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Premier Mercier has been interviewed as to what he thinks of himself and the result of the fight for the disallowance of the Jesuits' Estates Bill. As he was able to force Sir John Macdonald and the Conservative party to endorse his position, he has every reason to be satisfied, and he speaks in the most complimentary terms of himself, and evidently entertains the opinion that Premier Mercier is the greatest statesman of the age. He seems to be about the only one who has made any particular profit out of the fight, as the agitation in this province is very unlikely to survive the dog days. The comfort remains, however, that sometimes the temporary victory of a bad cause brings about a reverse, overwhelming and permanent in its character. The aggression of the French-Canadian and Ultramontane party has been so persistent that the time cannot be far distant when the last straw will be loaded upon the back of the groaning camel. The sooner the better.

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The New South Wales Government have determined on raising revenue by direct taxation instead of customs duties. The experiment will be watched with interest by all the colonies and the nations, but it is one that I imagine will not be successful. People are willing to be robbed if they don't know it, but a tax bill presented to them for the expenses of government which they must pay directly is sure to alarm them and cause a revolt against the system, if not against the administration. There is no doubt but that direct taxation is the proper principle, for the reason that people are apt to be more frugal when they pay cash than when they buy on credit; and paying taxes by way of customs duties is like having things charged at the store and not getting the bill till the end of the year.

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I was talking the other day with a friend about a mutual acquaintance who was always doing some unreasonable thing, but in spite of poverty was contented, careless of to-morrow, beloved by everybody and apparently unconscious of his attractiveness as well as of his singularity. My hard-headed and somewhat rocky-hearted friend wondered how any man could live in such a way. I expressed the wish that I had been built in the same way and could get along with as little trouble. "But, why," asked my friend, "what is the reason?"

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"Reason? my dear fellow, reason? Must we have a reason for everything we do? Have we nothing to do in this life but reason? If we must be eternally hunting for a reason we shall go mad! Is there nothing here below but 'reason?' Are we planted on this terrestrial ball to do nothing but reason? Are we never to "let go" and permit the thing to run itself? If a friend is generous or a woman kind, are we to be everlastingly hunting for a reason? Are we to try and argue away the impulses, the sweetness, the faith of life and have nothing but some measly 'reason?' No, my friend, we live by faith not by sight, not by reason! We must be reasonable, but God bless you, we can't always be a living, moving, boring, withering, blighting 'reason!'"

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Why do our mothers love us; what makes the father endure the frivolous nonsense of the son; what makes our sweetheart like us, our wife devoted to us, our babies cling to us? Not reason, my friend, not by a great sight! If they paused to reason it out, the longer they reasoned the more they would become possessed of the idea that reason has nothing to do with it, or that they have no reason.

Faith! What a beautiful thing it is! How it is abused! How even our faith in God is made a trade mark of by rascals and our most generous impulses are the toys of heartless tricksters. But it is better to be the dupe of villains than the victim of the desolating demon which for the kiss on our lips or the pressure of a gentle hand is whispering in the ear, "Why? What is the reason?" Give us Life, Love, Truth; a pleasant and unsuspicious to-day and faith in the sweets of to-morrow. If we lack these things what have we left? God bless me, if the canker of care and the worm of suspicion is to be let eat out the core we will be uncessingly feeding on the tough peelings, the rind, the bitter husks of to-day, blighting with our fears the fruit of to-morrow and withering the heart which should be able to pulse the hopeful spirit of Eternity through the joy supplying veins of Now.

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Why, confound you, man, he tries to be happy

ON A SUNNY MORNING.

that way, that's why, and he succeeds! What are we all after but happiness? Sometimes we get neither brush nor feather in the pursuit, but the pursuit itself is exhilarating, and nothing can rob us of the heart-throbs of the excitement, the bounding, hopeful and care-forgetting sense of movement and pursuit—unless it be that soul exhausting question of "why," unless it be the feverish and useless beating of one's self with the scourge of "what's the reason?" the jabbing into one's self of the poisoned probe of "what's the use," the kicking homeward of one's tired carcass with the toe of the question, "why did I?"

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After all, it is not the end which is worth seeking but the pleasure is in the seeking itself. Why then should not people seek for happiness directly, day by day, trying to find it in each thing they have to do, gaining it, too, in many things they leave undone. Isn't it better than to seek it through riches, fame, power or along any other of the tortuous roads which are supposed to lead to it but which never arrive at the goal. After all, life is but little more than a game of blindman's buff and one might almost as well adopt as a motto the words of the old song:

Life is but a flower ob!
For to-day not to-morrow
Pluck it and wear it,
Happily bear it,
True, dear, it will fade
In sun or in shade
But posies will grow to-morrow.

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Emperor Francis William having bought the Meyerlin estate where Prince Rudolph came to his death, intends converting the house into a nunnery. The tragic and shameful story of Prince Rudolph's life and death are indeed good material as a "bogeym" to scare into contentment the lives of women who seclude themselves from the world and the temptations of mankind. The novice can gaze with profit at the room where the Prince came to the conclusion that all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and return to her meditations thoroughly impressed with the happiness of the state where wicked men "cease from troubling," and weak women have but little opportunity to fall.

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Of all the absurd expeditions lately undertaken the premium should be awarded to the one which has gone out in search of Morrison the Megantic outlaw, led by that valiant warrior Judge Dugas. The squad is big enough to capture a village, though one man is all the expedition is after. It seems a good deal like hunting ducks with a brass band, and it is said that the doughty warriors are thinking of contenting themselves with arresting some of the harmless men and women who have sympathized with and harbored the outlaw. It is all very funny, and the "expedition" end of it is essentially French, while, without sympathizing with Morrison, one will notice that he does not wear a French name and is not "afraid of the cars."

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Another of the funny things of the week was Ald. Baxter giving a character to ex-Ald. Peter Ryan. The "recommend" is so elaborate that Peter should have it engrossed and carry it always with him; and he might return the compliment by giving a similar character to Ald. Baxter—though, of course, Ald. Baxter already has one.

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The proposal of the Postmaster-General to increase the rates on drop letters would, if enforced, be a hardship, as already the cities bear the brunt of the expenses of the Post Office Department. The offices and postal routes most expensive to run are those in the back townships and most sparsely settled regions. It is better to have a deficit which the whole country must pay than to place the burden upon those who are already contributing much more than their share. It, indeed, is the only way of equalizing the burden, and Postmaster-General Haggart should not be anxious to make ends meet in his department, and thereby acquire a reputation for good management, by perpetrating an injustice.

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One of the most ancient of newspaper jokes concerns the surfeit of spring poetry, and it has become so chronic that people are unaware of the fact that editorial offices are really deluged with that sort of stuff. There is something about the warmth and beauty of the spring air which impels everyone to either talk about it or write about it or both, much to the annoyance of their neighbors, who are content to enjoy it in silence. The weather during the past winter, the glorious sunshine which we have been enjoying for a week, really excuses the outburst of spring poetry and exclamatory phrases which keep us from forgetting how great a blessing has been vouchsafed to Canadians. What sort of weather could have been more lovely and more enjoyable than we have had? It only needs another such year to establish Canada as being possessed of the finest climate in the world! But this is exactly what we cannot hope for.

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On observing the above paragraph I notice that it is not startlingly original, but there is a springtime dearth of interesting topics, like that awful period in the history of the household when the winter stock of apples and preserves is all used up and the garden sass has not arrived. No doubt my readers are all aware that in every life there must be some days of prunes and dried-apple sauce, and they will please overlook the fact that editorially the newspapers are all down to a wash-day bill of fare, tired of politics, and there is scarcely anything else to write about. DON.

Society.

I hear that the Lawn Tennis dance is to be one of the most striking which will be seen at the Kermiss. The young ladies are to be habited in gowns of white lawn tennis flannel with yellow combination, and large Gainsborough hats. Among those taking part in this dance are Miss Mabel Bright, Mr. H. Muntz, Miss Edith McFarlane, Mr. Percy Maule, Miss Monk, Mr. Douglass, Miss Lucy Lee, Mr. Atcheson, Miss Eva Livingstone, Mr. Langmuir, Miss Maggie Thompson, Mr. Jones, Miss Lena Smith, Mr. Heward, Miss Patriarch, Mr. Boultbee.

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Mrs. Edmund Meredith of Rosedale gave an enjoyable Five o'Clock Tea last Monday afternoon to meet her sister-in-law, Mrs. Augustus Heward of Montreal, who is at present staying with her. Mrs. Meredith was assisted by her three daughters in entertaining the guests, which they did in a most charming manner. The two hours of music, perhaps the best array of talent at an afternoon tea I ever heard in Toronto, made the enjoyment most noteworthy. Among those I noticed there were: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meredith (the bride), Miss Amy Osler, Miss Georgie Osler, Miss Ethel Osler, Mrs. J. O. Heward and Miss Heward, Mrs. Stephen Heward and Miss Mabel Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jarvis and Miss Jarvis, Mrs. Stinson Jarvis, Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. and Miss Maule, Mrs. Smythe, the Misses Homer Dixon, Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Clarkson Jones, Miss Jones, Miss Bessie Jones, Mrs. Arthur and Miss Birdie Ord, Miss L. Gelkie, Miss Dolly Nauton, Miss McLean, Messrs. Strathy, Baldwin, Harry Jarvis, Hoyles, McDonald, Gunn, Heward, Percy Maule, McNaughton, McLean, Henderson.

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Miss Louie Martin of Carlton street gave an At Home last Monday night to her numerous friends, which will probably be the last she will give in her maiden name, as her marriage to Dr. Allan will take place on April 30, when their beautiful house (now building) will be ready for them.

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St. Philip's Church, at the corner of Spadina avenue and St. Patrick street, was, last Tuesday evening, the scene of a gay and happy wedding, when Mr. W. H. Pearson, jr., superintendent of the Consumers' Gas Company and son of Mr. W. H. Pearson, general manager and secretary of the same company, was united in marriage with Annie, the eldest daughter of Mr. Jas. Smith of Chestnut Lodge, Queen street west. As usual the church was crowded to the doors, and the chancel was beautifully decorated with flowers. When the wedding party arrived only standing room could be had, so great was the crowd of friends anxious to witness the nuptials of so popular a young lady as Miss Smith and such a popular young man as Willie Pearson.

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The bride was attired in a dress of cream satin, with train, tulle veil, fastened with a wreath of orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were the bride's sisters—the Misses Viola, Ida and May Smith and Miss Pearson, the groom's sister. Mr. Pearson was assisted by his brother, Mr. Alfred Pearson, and by Mr. A. G. Moore of Manchester, England.

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After the ceremony, which was performed by the rector, Rev. Dr. J. Fielding Sweeny, with proper musical accompaniment, the bridal party, with the many guests, drove to Mr. Smith's residence where a reception was held and supper partaken of. Of course presents were both numerous and costly, and I am sure were much admired.

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Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pearson, parents of the bridegroom, the Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Sweeny, Mr. J. H. and Mrs. King, Mr. Henry Smythe of Buffalo, Lieut.-Col. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Milligan, Mr. W. C. Meredith, Mr. M. Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Murray, Mr. J. Gray, Mr. L. McKnight, Mr. L. G. Walt, Mr. R. Armstrong, Mr. F. J. Ramsay, Mr. C. J. Stalker, Mrs. F. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Byres, Mr. and Mrs. Milligan, Mr. E. McCrae, Mrs. Lalor, the Misses Purvis, Miss Murray, Mr. Fred Smith.

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A very pleasant time was spent at Mr. Torrington's College of Music, Pembroke street, Monday evening last. The event was a few musical friends asked to meet Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Henschel after their concert at Association Hall. Supper was served in the hall after each guest was presented to the Henschels. Among the invited were: The Misses Carty of Jarvis street, Mrs. and Miss Adele Strauss, Miss Gelkie, Miss Robyn, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffries, Miss Segsworth, Mr. Theodore Martens, Mr. Carl Martens, Mr. Elliott Haslam, Mr. Harry Jarvis, Mr. Dickson Patterson, Mr. Harry Field, Mr. Earls, Mr. Suckling.

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Captain and Mrs. Greville Harston arrived in Toronto last Wednesday, after spending eighteen months in England.

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The Bishop of Ontario will sail for Canada on May 18. Mrs. Lewis will not accompany him, as she has decided to remain in Paris for a time in the interests of the home established by her there. While in Rome recently His Lordship and Mrs. Lewis were the guests of Lord Dufferin, row British Ambassador at the Italian Court.

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I hear The Crucifixion, which was given last Easter, will be sung again next Tuesday evening at the Cathedral. The tenor solos will be taken by Mr. Harry Jarvis, the other parts being divided among the other members of the choir. This is a very beautiful and solemn service of praise and will be, no doubt, well rendered by those who are to take the different parts. There will be no admission fee, and if the same number attend this year as did last the church will be filled.

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The issue of SATURDAY NIGHT following Easter will contain a full report of the musical services throughout the city, and will be an especially good number to send away to absent friends.

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A large and unusually fashionable audience filled the school-house of St. Peter's Church on Tuesday evening on the occasion of a concert in aid of the Sunday school. Among those present I noticed Mr. W. H. and the Misses Smith, Miss Heward, the Misses Monk, the Misses Mason, Mr. Geo. W. Mitchell, Mr. J. L. and Miss Buchan, Miss Ross of Goderich, Mr. Morton Jones, Mr. Wilmot Strathy, Mr. Hart and Mr. G. H. Muntz. Among the many excellent performances special mention might be made of the singing of Miss Jardine-Thomson, whose rich and well-trained soprano voice is heard far too seldom in Toronto. Her rendering of Scenes That Are Brightest was specially artistic. Miss S. B. Mason's piano solo was an unusual treat, while Miss May Francis' sweet voice showed to great advantage in a pathetic recitation—Briar-rose. The concert was exceedingly well managed and reflected great credit on the ladies who had charge of it.

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Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Ambery of Henly place, Dovercourt road, sail by the Etruria from New York, on April 27, for a three months, tour abroad. The many friends of the young couple unite in wishing them a most pleasant trip.

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The Red Star Line, carrying the Belgian Royal Mails, is not perhaps as well-known in Canada as it might be. They have some of the finest ships afloat, and Antwerp is a most convenient port to visit Paris. Mr. C. Kowdy sailed on the Westernland this week.

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Byron E. Walker, general manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and Miss Walker have taken the favorite relaxation of the round trip to Bermuda.

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Mr. and Mrs. William Macpherson of Quebec are making a short stay at Chestnut Park. I regretted to hear that Lady Macpherson had recently been thrown from her carriage, but am glad to say that she has entirely recovered from the results of the accident.

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Baron Adolph Hugel is in town, as also Miss Rene Hugel; who has come up from Washington to attend the approaching wedding of her sister.

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Mr. Sidebottom sailed on the Berlin, and Dr. J. A. McLellan on the Chester of the Inman Line this week. That company's new ship the City of Paris has just completed her first trip across the Atlantic in six days and nineteen hours, a good beginning.

Lord Elwyn's Daughter.

This charming story will be commenced in SATURDAY NIGHT next week. It is sure to be voted one of the best stories which has appeared in the *Family Herald* series and should be read by every one who appreciates a cleverly written story with an exceedingly interesting plot and full of delicate touches of humor and pathos.

Ottawa.

The fact that this is Passion Week is a sufficient explanation of the great absence of the wonted daily gaieties, which, however, have to a very great extent been dropped all through Lent.

The breaking up of the ice has put an end to the very popular and largely attended parties which the Rideau Skating and Curling Club have been giving throughout the winter on Monday evenings in the new rink, which, by-the-bye, is said to be one of the largest in America. The last of these parties took place on the evening of Monday, April 1.

On Saturday afternoon last the members of the Gaiety Club occupied two large pleasure vans on their way out to Jones' Bush—the object of the expedition being "sugaring."

On Saturday evening last Mr. W. H. Middleton gave a musical evening in his rooms in Albert street, and Mr. George Malcolm, son of General Sir George Malcolm of England, afterwards entertained the guests at supper.

On Sunday afternoon there were several Five o'Clock Teas on Sandy Hill. The institution of Sunday afternoon teas has met with general approval, as there can hardly be any objection taken to them, the guests invariably repairing in a body to the nearest church for the evening service.

Thursday afternoon, April 4, was the occasion of a small driving party to the pretty little town of Aylmer, Que., (a distance of about ten miles from the city), given conjointly by Hon. Victor Stanley, Mr. MacMahon, A. D. C., and Capt. Wise, A. D. C. At Aylmer the guests found a most sumptuous repast awaiting them at the hotel, which was done full justice to; and the evening was spent in "tripping the light fantastic" in the spacious ball-room, which had been very tastefully decorated for the occasion. The return drive started at about midnight. Among the dog-carts and wagonettes were noticed those of His Excellency, Captain Wise, Sir James Grant, Mr. Algernon Stanley, Mr. C. J. Jones, Mr. Berkeley Powell, Mr. A. J. Horan, etc. Among the guests were Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Hattie Fraser and Miss Boulton of Toronto.

On Friday afternoon last, to the great regret of all his Ottawa friends, Mr. Victor Stanley left the city, for the purpose of rejoining his ship, H. M. S. Bellerophon. The Government House party have now dwindled down to a very small number, nearly all the younger members of Their Excellencies' family having returned to England, and also most of the staff. Their absence is very much felt, as they have all through the season graced almost every society gathering with their presence, and succeeded in making all to look upon them as friends. Mr. Edward Stanley and Lady Alice are expected to follow in the steps of the others who have gone to England before; and they will thus reach London in time for the season. Lady Alice Stanley will no doubt be presented at Court this season.

The pitch of the House of Commons Cricket Club on the sward in front of the Houses of Parliament, was "broken in" on Wednesday morning last by the Hon. Senator Power and Messrs. Ward, Prior, Dickey, Barron, Fisher and Watson, M.P.'s, some members of the press gallery and some civil servants, whose deputy heads' offices face towards the Rideau Canal and the Ottawa River, and *not* towards the cricket ground!

This (Saturday) afternoon the grounds of the Ottawa Cricket Club, opposite Government House, are to be the scene of the opening match of the season,—and a very interesting match it promises to be, and will no doubt be witnessed by a large number of people. The club's first eleven are pitching wickets against an eleven made up of members of the Vice-Regal staff and household, and of the House of Commons Cricket Club. The grounds are in good condition, and the "leather hunters" may look forward to a most enjoyable afternoon's sport.

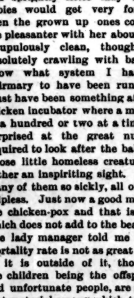
This evening Mrs. Allan of the Senate is At Home in the Speaker's Chambers from 9 to 11 30 p. m. A large number of invitations have been issued—and accepted, it is safe to say, owing to the fact not only of Mrs. Allan's great popularity in the Capital, but also of Miss Marjorie Campbell being her guest.

It is said to be the intention of the young ladies of Sandy Hill to revive the Walking Club of last year. The desire to encourage the taking of this important health-giving exercise is most laudable; and there is but little doubt but that the promoters will succeed, in their undertaking to perform their regular tri-weekly walks, as well as they did in previous years.

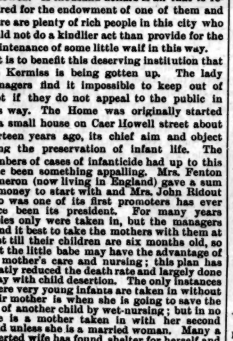
The regular annual meeting of the Ottawa Lawn Tennis Club is called for the evening of the 17th instant, at the Russell House. The grounds will most likely be in condition for play in about three weeks hence.

It is rumored that, owing to the probability of the session of Parliament being extended beyond Easter, two large dances are in contemplation. SAUTIO.

The Infants' Home.



TURNING into the spacious grounds of the Infants' Home last Saturday, I was impressed by the size of the building and the great care which is evidently taken, both of it and its surroundings. In view of the coming Kermiss, I promised a lady friend to go up and take a look at the Home and write something about it, but I admit I have never been much of a success at either taking care of babies or describing them. The superintendent gave us a cordial welcome, and she is such a vivacious and sprightly little lady that I imagined babies would get very fond of her, and even the grown up ones could not but find life pleasanter with her about. Everything is scrupulously clean, though the floors are absolutely crawling with babies. I do not know what system I had imagined the infirmary to have been run upon. My idea must have been something after the style of a chicken incubator where a machine takes care of a hundred or two at a time, because I was surprised at the great number of nurses required to look after the babies in the Home. Those little homeless creatures are not altogether an inspiriting sight. They are so wee, many of them so sickly, all of them so utterly helpless. Just now a good many of them have the chicken-pox and that is a sort of thing which does not add to the beauty of childhood. The lady manager told me that the average mortality rate is not as great in the institution as it is outside of it, though so many of the children being the offspring of drunken and unfortunate people, are not apt to be the best material among which to find a low rate of mortality. There was one little creature with a preternaturally old, shrivelled face not bigger around than a child's fist, and its little body and limbs would scarcely make a handful. In one of the wards there was a pickaninny, black as the ace of spades but as happy as a clam.



The children placed in the Home by the city authorities are paid for at the rate of five dollars a month, which is the cost of maintenance. There is a little room where cots are endowed. A thousand dollars is all that is required for the endowment of one of them and there are plenty of rich people in this city who could not do a kindlier act than provide for the maintenance of some little waif in this way.

It is to benefit this deserving institution that the Kermiss is being gotten up. The lady managers find it impossible to keep out of debt if they do not appeal to the public in this way. The Home was originally started in a small house on Caer Howell street about thirteen years ago, its chief aim and object being the preservation of infant life. The numbers of cases of infanticide had up to this time been something appalling. Mr. Fenton Cameron (now living in England) gave a sum of money to start with and Mrs. John Ridout who was one of its first promoters has ever since been its president. For many years babies only were taken in, but the managers found it best to take the mothers with them at least till their children are six months old, so that the little babe may have the advantage of its mother's care and nursing; this plan has greatly reduced the death rate and largely done away with child desertion. The only instances where very young infants are taken in without their mother is when she is going to save the life of another child by weaning it; but in no case is a mother taken in with her second child unless she is a married woman. Many a deserted wife has found shelter for herself and little one in the Infants' Home, and many a poor widower has brought his motherless baby here to be cared for. In 1881 the large building on St. Mary's street was erected at a cost of over twenty-five thousand dollars (this sum does not include the purchase of the ground), the late Lady Howland was treasurer of the building fund and worked very hard to raise the necessary funds. The mortgage on the building has since been reduced to about eight thousand dollars. In April, 1886, a bad case of measles was brought into the Home by a city foundling; the disease spread with alarming rapidity, though everything that a large medical staff could suggest was done it soon developed into a very bad form, and in two months thirty-six deaths occurred. This terrible calamity showed the managers the urgent necessity of proper means of isolation, and they at once determined on making an effort to raise means to build a detached cottage hospital, and chiefly through the energy of Mrs. Bendelari the Kermiss of two years ago was successfully carried through, the proceeds of which helped in a large measure to pay for the building of the annex or Cottage Hospital to the west of the main building. The number of inmates averages over one hundred, the majority of them being very young necessitates a large staff of nurses. Many of these little ones are adopted into comfortable homes and grow up to be respectable members of society, who, had it not been for this Home, would in all probability have become outcasts of society and a pest and expense to the city. VAN.

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WATCHES
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Spurgeon's Home at Beulah Hill.

The *English Baptist* has got hold of the first of a series of interesting articles by Dr. Hatcher, "one of our denominational lights on the other side of the Atlantic," dwelling with much detail on his experiences of and with Mr. Spurgeon.

"As we passed the porter's lodge, entered the grounds and caught sight of the home of the metropolitan preacher," writes this D.D., "we were filled with astonishment to find that he lived in such magnificence and elegance. His grounds, which include ten or twelve acres, are in the highest state of cultivation; his park abounds in choicest trees and flowers, and is adorned with statuary; his lawns are the perfection of neatness and beauty, on his lakes and streams were swimming geese, ducks, and swans; and his home, crowning one of the loftiest hills of London, is capacious, and furnished with almost everything that can please the eye or administer to the comfort of its inmates. His conservatory is a thing of beauty, and contains an exceedingly rare and rich collection of plants, many of which, as he took occasion to tell us, were sent to him by friends and brethren from various quarters of the globe. He has also an extensive vegetable garden, in which were growing cabbage, beets, beans, cauliflower, and I know not what else; and that, too, in utmost luxuriance. The house of the chief steward, situated at the rear of this garden, was a cosy cottage, in excellent order, and very neat and pretty. There were also rich and verdant meadows, in which could be seen several fat milch cows, evidently of superior stock. His stables—well, my party had just a few days before gone through the Royal stables at Windsor Castle, and we agreed that, in point of neatness and beauty of arrangement, they were not one whit ahead of the stable at Beulah Hill. Mr. Spurgeon has not so many horses and carriages as her Majesty has, for he has no need of so many, but he has enough for his purpose, and that, too, of the best sort. His private carriage is very superior, his horses are finely kept, light-footed, and beautiful, and his driver, dressed in livery, looks like a gentleman of rank. Mr. Spurgeon has also a fondness for fowl-raising, and there must have been several hundred chickens in his poultry yard the day I peeped into it. Indeed, I fancied that he has a little of everything in his richly-endowed home at Beulah Hill.

"I did not ask him why he was living in such princely style, for it was none of my business, and, besides, I was sincerely pleased to see that the Lord had surrounded His busy and self-sacrificing servant with so many comforts. But it came to pass that in our free and unrestrained chat he broached the matter, and said that it had sometimes caused him anxiety. He then explained that he had never cared for such things. He told me that years ago, when he built his tabernacle, he bought for himself a home, with some ground attached, and while he slept that property grew to be very valuable—so valuable, indeed, that he was enabled to exchange it for the present noble estate at Beulah Hill. Now Beulah Hill is rapidly increasing in value, and, as he explained, it seemed the best economy to hold on to it until it reaches the high-water mark of value, and then give it to the Lord.

"What he makes at Beulah Hill goes into the treasury of the Lord. I would gladly explain how this is done, but I can give only a single illustration of what I mean. While at the tea-table in his house I was served with a glass of milk. Having a seat near Mrs. Spurgeon, I ventured a pleasant reference to her magnificent cows which I had seen in the pasture. 'Not mine,' she said; 'they belong to our divine Lord, and I keep them for Him. All the milk which they give is sold and the money put into His treasury, and even that milk which you are now drinking has been paid for.' Mrs. Spurgeon is a very devout woman.

"We engaged to be at Mr. Spurgeon's home at one o'clock, and we rung the bell just at the stroke of the clock. As his man-servant opened the door I announced our names, and asked if Mr. Spurgeon was in. 'Yes,' he answered from within, 'I am in, and you are in time, too, a fact much in your favor.' Out he came with a broad-brimmed felt hat on his head, and wearing a long, light-colored, ill-fitting sack coat, rocking uneasily on his gouty legs, and betraying a decided stoop in his shoulders. But he gave us an interesting welcome—open, informal and whole-hearted, with a refreshing touch of English brusqueness in it. Conducting us into his study, he immediately drew out a box of cigars and handed them around, saying that as we were Americans he supposed that we smoked.

"Back to the study—a long, high-pitched room, and fitted up as a literary workshop. It has an immense table, broad and long, with a favorite chair at one end, and at the sides seats for the secretaries. When we got seated, the talk began, and went on for several hours. It covered an extensive range of topics, but in due time came around to the Down Grade, in which I was particularly interested.

"Mrs. Spurgeon is charming. She has a fine figure, and is attractive in person and manners. There is a sincerity and earnestness in her bearing that is very winsome. She is a Christly woman. After tea we strolled through his library, took a peep into the parlor, and then assembled in the study for evening worship. Mrs. Spurgeon three maid servants, and one man-servant were also present. A chapter was read by Mr. Spurgeon, and the reading was rendered delightful and impressive by its expository comments. Two brethren were asked to pray, and we parted at six, that being the hour on Saturday when he begins work on his sermons for the next day. We departed from Beulah Hill in a glow of happiness. It was something to be thankful for that we had spent five hours in pleasant companionship with the world's most famous preacher, but far better than that was the hallowing spiritual charm of the man himself. He lives upon the mountain, and the transfiguring light is upon his face. It is impossible to touch him without receiving the thrill of his holy power. We felt as if we had been to a revival and had gotten nearer to the Lord. It was a privilege cherished and priceless, which I could not hope would come again."

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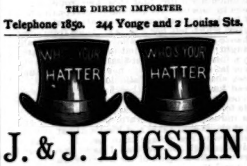

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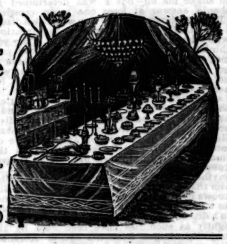

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CHAPTER XV.

"Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
. . . . . All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses."

"What impression did the man make upon you in that brief meeting?" asked Theodore. "Did he strike you as a *rogue?*

"Yes, that was the odd part of the business. He had the steady respectable air of a bread-winner, a professional, or perhaps a commercial man. I could not tell which. There was no dishonesty or dissipation in his appearance. He looked me steadily in the face when he bowed to me at parting, and he had a grave decent sort of manner that spoke of no ill-spent dignity. He was soberly dressed in a style that attracted no attention. I had no doubt that he was a gentleman."

"He was handsome, you say?"

"Yes, he was decidedly handsome—but I can remember only the general character of his face, not features or details, for I saw him only twice in my life."

"Ah you saw him again then?"

"Once again—some years later, after her death."

"She is dead, then?" cried Theodore; "that is the first I have been trying to learn from any reliable source of information. There was a rumor of her death years ago, but no one could give any evidence of the fact. I went to Boulogne last week to try and trace her to her last resting-place; but I could discover neither tombstone nor record of any kind."

"And yet it was at Boulogne she died? I will tell you all I know about her if you like. It doesn't amount to much.

"Pray, tell me everything you can. I am deeply grateful to you for having treated me with so much frankness."

"It was on her account I received you. I am glad to talk to anyone who is interested in her pitiful fate. There were so few to care for her. I think there is no lot more sad than that of a broken down gentleman's daughter, born to an inheritance she is never to enjoy, brought up to think of herself as a personage, with a right to the world's respect, and finding herself friendless and penniless in the bloom of her womanhood, exposed to the world's contumely."

Theodore's face flushed a little at this mention of his interest in the Squire's daughter, for he could but feel that the interest was of a sinister kind; but he held his peace, and Miss Newton went on with her story.

"It was ever so many years after that meeting in Richmond Park—I think it must have been nearly ten years when I ran against that very man upon a windy March day in the Folkestone. I had thought much and often of my poor girl in all these years, wondering how the world had used her, and whether that man whom she trusted so implicitly had been true to her. I shuddered at the thought of what her fate might have been if he were false. I had never heard a word about her in all that time. I had seen no report of a divorce suit in the papers. I knew absolutely nothing of her history from the hour I parted with her by Thomson's Seat, till I ran against that man in Folkestone. I am rather shy about speaking to strangers in a general way; but I felt so anxious to know her fate that I stopped this man, whose very name was unknown to me, and asked him to tell me something of my poor friend. He looked bewildered, as well he might, at being pounced upon in that manner. I explained that I was Evelyn Strangway's old governess, and that I was anxious to see my long lost sight of her for so many years, and was very anxious to see her again. He looked troubled at my question, and replied quite mournfully—'I am sorry to say you will never do that. Your friend is dead.' I asked when she had died, and where she had told me within the last month, and at Boulogne. I asked if he was with her at the last, and he said no; and then he hesitated a bit and muttered something about having very little time to spare to get to station. He was going to London by the next train it seemed, and he was evidently anxious to shake me off—but I was determined he should answer at least one more question. 'Was her husband with her when she died?' I asked. His face darkened at the question, which I suppose was a foolish one. 'Do you think it likely?' he said, trying to move past me; but I had laid my hand upon his sleeve in my eagerness. 'Pray tell me that her end was not unhappy—and that she was penitent for her sins.' He looked very angry at this. 'I stand here talking to you another minute I shall lose my train, madam,' he said, 'and I have important business in London this afternoon.' A fly came strolling by at this moment. He hailed it and jumped in, and he drove off into what Thomas Carlyle would call the Immensity. I never saw him again; I never knew his name, or calling, or place of abode, or anything about him. I can no more localize him than I can Goethe's Mephistopheles. God knows how he treated my poor girl—whether he was kind or cruel; whether he was faithful to a dishonorable tie, or whether he held it lightly as such tie had been held by the majority of men from the age of Abraham downwards."

The little woman's face flushed and her eyes filled as she gave vent to her feelings.

"And this is all you know of Evelyn Strangway?" said Theodore, when she had finished.

"This is all I know of her. And now tell me why you are so anxious to learn her history—you who can never have seen her face, except in the picture at Cheriton, if I dressed her for that picture, and sat by her while it was painted."

"I will tell you the motive of my curiosity," answered Theodore. "You have treated me so frankly that I feel I must not withhold my confidence from you. I know that I can rely upon your discretion."

"I can talk, as you have just heard," said Miss Newton; "but I can be silent as the grave, when I like."

"You must have read something about the murder at Cheriton last July."

"I read a great deal about it. I took a morbid interest in the case, knowing the house so well, in every cranny and corner, I could picture the scene as vividly as if I had seen the murdered man lying there. A most inexplicable murder, apparently motiveless."

"Apparently motiveless. That fact has so preyed upon the poor widow's mind that she has imagined a motive. She has let her strange fancy that one of the Strangways must have been the author of the crime. She has brooded over the images till her whole mind has become possessed with the idea of one of that banished race, garnering his wrath for long years, until at last the hour came for a bloody revenge, and then striking his death blow out of the dark—striking his fatal blow and vanishing from the sight of men, as if a phantom arm had been stretched out of the night and struck that death blow. She has asked me to help her in discovering the murderer, and I am pledged to do my utmost towards that end. I am the more anxious to do so as I tremble for the consequences if she should be allowed to brood long upon this morbid fancy about the Strangways. I think, however, that with your help I have now laid that ghost. I have traced the two brothers to their graves; and I suppose we may accept the statement of the man you met at Folkestone as sufficient evidence of Mrs. Darcy's death; especially as it seems to fit in with the account of the then Vicar of Cheriton, who met her in Boulogne in the summer of '56, looking very ill and much aged."

"It was in the spring of '65 I met that man at Folkestone. I could find the date in my diary if you wished to be very precise about it, for it is one of my old-maidish ways to be very regular in keeping my diary. Poor Evelyn! To think that a woman should be wild enough to suspect her of being capable of murder—or Fred or Reginald. They had the Strangway temper, all three of them, and a fiery temper it was when it was roused, a temper that led to family quarrels and all sorts of unhappiness; but murder is a different kind of thing."

"That is the question," said Theodore gravely. "Is there such a wide gulf between the temper that makes family quarrels, sets father against son, and brother against brother, and the temper that pulls a trigger or uses a bowie-knife? I thought they were one and the same thing in actual reality, and that the result was dependent upon circumstances."

"Oh, don't talk like that please. Murder is something exceptional—a hideous solecism in nature—and in this case why murder? Suppose had Sir Godfrey Carmichael done that any member of the Strangway family should want to kill him?"

"I tell you that the idea is a wild one, the morbid growth of my poor friend."

"Of course it is, and I am very sorry for her, poor soul. I don't suppose any woman could suffer more than she must have done, and live. It is a dreadful story. And she was the innocent cause of her husband's death."

"She adored him. They had been lovers almost from her childhood. There never were a more devoted pair of lovers in humble life. Their honeymoon was not beginning to wane. They were still lovers, still in a state of sweet surprise at finding themselves husband and wife. Poor girl, I saw the day before her death what a brilliant creature, the very spirit of joy. I saw her the morning after, a spectre, with awful eyes and cadaverous face—too dreadful to look upon than her murdered husband on his bed of death."

"It is all too sad," sighed Miss Newton. "I begin to think that Cheriton is a fatal house, and that no one can possibly be happy there. However, you can tell this poor lady that the Strangways are exonerated from any part in her misery.

"I shall write to her to-night to that effect, and now, Miss Newton, let me thank you once more for your friendly frankness, and wish you good night."

"Don't be in such a hurry, Mr. Dalbrook. I like your face, and I should like to see you again some day, if you can find time to waste an hour upon an old maid in such a Godforsaken place as Wedgewood street."

"I shall think an hour so spent most delightfully employed," answered Theodore, who was quite subjugated by the charm of this little person and her surroundings. He did not remember having ever sat in a room he liked better than this little front parlor from Wedgewood street, with its terra-cotta walls, and prettily bound books, and curious oddments of old china, and comfortable curtains of workhouse-sheeting, with a bold vermillion border worked by Sarah Newton's indefatigable fingers.

"I should very much like to hear all about your life in this—strange neighborhood," he said.

"There is not much to tell. When my little mistress—left by my uncle, Hildyrsfair—fell to me I was a lonely old woman, the last one surviving relative for whom I cared twopence. I was pretty tired of teaching French and Italian, and German, and Greek to young ladies. I must have gone through Ollendorf in both languages—and I've done him a good many times in Italian, *pour passer le temps*. Perhaps I might have held on for a year or two longer, as I was very fond of those nice girls and my aunt Hildyrsfair Vicarage, if it hadn't been for Ollendorf. He decided me. Lydia, the youngest girl, had only just begun that accursed book. She was blundering over the baker's dozen candle-sticks, one dull morning I got the lawyer's letter to tell me of my uncle's death, and the will, and the legacy. I was sitting in the middle of the table when it came with a bang. 'Ain't I to do any more Ollendorf, Sally?' she asked. 'You may do as much as you like, my love,' said Sally, 'but you'll do no more with me. I'm a millionaire, or at least feel as rich and independent as if I were a Rothschild.' Well, I lay awake all that night making plans for my life, and trying to think out how I could get the most happiness out of my little fortune, enjoy my declining years, have everything I wanted, and yet be of some use to my fellow creatures; and the end of it was that I made up my mind to take a roomy house in a poor neighborhood, where I should not be tempted to spend a penny upon upholstery, furnish it after my own heart, and make myself happy in just my own way, without cutting a straw wide of anybody's thought of me. I knew that I was plain as well as elderly, that I could never be admired, or cut a figure in the genteel world, so I determined to cut across the gentilities altogether and to be looked up to in a little world of my own.

"Do you think I found your plan answer——"

"It has answered beyond my hopes. Ever since I was thirty years of age and had done with all young ideas and day-dreams, I had one particular idea of perfect happiness, and that was the position of a country squire's wife—an energetic, active, well-meaning woman, the central figure in a rural village, with her model cottages and her allotment gardens, her infirmary, her mission house—the good genius of her little community, a queen in miniature, and without political entanglements or menace of foreign war. Now it could never be my lot to reign on a landed estate, to build cottages, or to up turfy meadows for cottagers' gardens; but I thought by taking up my abode in a poor neighborhood, and visiting quietly and in a friendly, familiar way—no tracts or preachings—among the most respectable of the inhabitants, and slowly feeling my way among the difficult subjects, I might gradually acquire an influence just as strong as that of the Lady Bountiful in a country parish, and might come to be as useful in my small way as the squire's wife with her large means. And I have done it," added Miss Newton, triumphantly. "There are rooms in this street and in other streets that are to me my model cottages. There are overworked, underfed women who look up to me as their Providence: there are children who come and hang to my skirts as I pass along the streets; there are great hulking men who ask my advice and get me to write their letters for them. What could a squire's wife have more than that? And yet I have only a hundred and fifty pounds a year to spend upon my people.

"You give them something more than money. You give them sympathy—the magnetism of your strong and generous nature."

"Ah, there is something in that. Magnetism is a good word. There must be some reason why people attach themselves so absolutely to Mr. Gladstone, don't you know, some charm in his nature that binds them almost in spite of themselves, and makes them think as he thinks, and veer as he veers. Yes, they swing round with him like the boats going round with the tide, and don't know half the reason why they do so, can. And I think, to compare small things with great, there must be some touch of that magnetic power in me," concluded Miss Newton.

"I am sure of it," said Theodore, "and I am sure too that you must be like a spot of light in this dark little world of yours."

"I live among my friends. That is the point," explained Miss Newton. "I don't come from Belgravia, or a bright, pretty terrace in Kensington, and tell them they ought to keep their wretched rooms cleaner, and open their windows, and put flower-pots on their window-sills. I live here, and they can come and see how I keep my room, and judge for themselves. Their landlord is my landlord; and a nice life I lead him about water, and whitewash and drains. He is thoroughly afraid of me. I am happy to say, and generally bolts round a corner when he sees me in the street; but I am too quick for his overfed legs. I tackle him about all his shortcomings, and he finds it easier to spend a few pounds upon his property now and then than to have me upon his heels at every turn; so now Crook's tenements have quite a reputation in Lambeth. If you were to see the old dragon you would wonder at my pluck in attacking him, I can assure you.

"Your whole life is wonderful to me, Miss Newton; and I only wish there were hundreds of women in this big city living just as you live. Tell me, please, what kind of people your neighbors are.

"Oh, there are people of all kinds, some of course more quite impracticable, for there I can do nothing; but there are many more who are glad of my friendship, and who receive me with open arms. The single women, and widows are my chief friends, and some of those I know as well as if we had been brought up and educated upon the same social level. They are workmen of all kinds, tailoresses, shirt-makers, girls who work for military outfitters, extra hands for Court dressmakers, shop girls at the back of shops, shoe-binders, and artificial flower makers. I wonder whether you would like to see some of them."

"I should like it very much indeed."

"Then perhaps you will come to one of my tea parties. I give two tea parties a week all through the winter, to just as many of my women friends as this room will hold. It holds about twenty very comfortably, so I make twenty-five the outside limit. We rather enjoy a little bit of a crush—and I give my invitations so that they all have such little pleasures as I can give them, fairly, turn and turn about. We do not begin our evening too early, for the working women are precious tired by bedtime. We take tea at eight o'clock, and we seldom separate before half-past eleven—just as if we were at a little party. We have a little music, and a little reading and recitation, sometimes a round game at cards. When we are in a wild humor we play dumb-crambo, or even puss-in-the-corner, and we have plenty of time for talk. We sit round this fireplace in a double half circle, the younger ones sitting on the rug in front of the elders, and we talk and laugh and talk—about ourselves mostly, and you can't think what good it does us. Surely God gave man speech for a universal safety valve. Half of half our troubles, and half our sense of the world's injustice."

"Please let me come to your very next party," said Theodore, smiling at the little woman's ardor.

"That will be to-morrow evening," replied Miss Newton. "I shall have to make an excuse for your appearance, as we very seldom invite a man. You will have to read or recite something, as a reason for your being asked, don't you know."

"I will not recoil even from that test. I have distinguished myself occasionally at a Penny reading. Am I to be tragic or comic?"

"Be both if you can. We like to laugh; but we revel in something that makes us cry desperately. If you could get Ollendorf cheaply enough to bring it cheap, freeze our blood with a ghost or two, it would be all the more enjoyable."

"I will satisfate you with my talents; I shall feel like Pentheus when he intruded upon his mother and her crew, and shall be humbly grateful if I escape being torn to pieces. I shall be torn to pieces morally, in the way of criticism. Good night, and a thousand thanks."

"Wait," said Miss Newton. "I'm afraid it is much foggier than when you came. I have smelt the fog coming on while we have been talking. Wouldn't you like a cab?"

"I should very much, but I doubt if I shall succeed in finding one."

"You wouldn't, but I daresay I can get you one," replied Miss Newton, decisively.

She had an unobtrusive little chatelaine at her side, and from the bunch of implements, scissors, penknife, thimble, she selected a little whistle. Then she pulled back one of the cream white curtains, opened the window, and whistled loud and shrill into the fog. Two minutes afterwards there came a small treble voice out of the darkness.

"What is it, Miss Newton?"

"Who's that?"

"Tommy Meadows."

"Is that you, Tommy. Do you think you could find a hansom without getting yourself run over?"

"Rather! Do you want it directly, Miss?"

"If you please, Tommy."

"I'm off," cried the shrill voice, and in less than two minutes a two-wheeler came along the street, and drew up sharply at Tommy's treble command, with Tommy himself seated inside, enjoying the drive and the uncertainty of the driver.

His spirits were still further exalted by the gift of sixpence from Theodore as he stepped into his cab, to be taken cautiously back to the Temple.

Even that sitting-room of his, which he had taken pains to make a comfortable and homelike, had a gloomy look after that bright room in Lambeth, with its terra-cotta walls and cream-sheeting curtains, its gaily-bound books and vivid Valiaurie vases perched in every available corner. He was more interested in that quaint interior, and in the woman who had created it, than he had been in anyone except that one woman who filled the chief place in all his thoughts. The Vicar of Kettisford had not over-estimated Sarah Newton's power of fascination.

He was in Wedgewood street at a few minutes before eight the following evening. The skies above Lambeth was no longer obscured; there were wintry stars shining over that forest of chimney pots and everlasting monotony of slated roofs; and even Lambeth could looked lively with its coster's barrows and bustle of eventide marketing. Theodore found the door open, as it had been yesterday, and he found an extra lamp upon the first floor landing, and the door of Miss Newton's room ajar, while from within came the sound of many voices, moderated to a subdued tone, suggestive of hushed talk.

His modest knock was answered by Miss Newton herself, who was standing close to the door, ready to greet every fresh arrival.

"How do you do! We are nearly all here," she said cheerily. "I hope you have not just been dining, for with us tea means a hearty meal, and if you can't eat anything we shall hurt as if you were Banquo's ghost. How do you do, Mrs. Kinby," to another arrival. "Baby better, I hope? Yes, that's right. How are you, Clara? and you, Rose. You've had that wretched tooth out—I can see it in your face. Such a relief, isn't it? So glad to see you, Mrs. Dale, and you, Maria, and you, Jenny. Why, we are all here, I do believe."

"Yes, Miss Newton," said a bright-looking girl by the fireplace, who had been making toast indefatigably for twenty minutes, and whose complexion had suffered accordingly. "There are two-and-twenty of us, counting you twenty, counting the gentleman and you. I think that's as many as you expected."

"Yes, everybody's here. So we may as well begin tea."

In most such assemblies where the intention was to benefit a humble class of guests, the proceedings would have begun with a hymn; but at Miss Newton's parties there were neither hymns nor prayers—and yet Miss Newton loved her hymn-book, and delighted in the pathos and the sweetness of the music with which those words are interwoven; nor would she yield to anybody in her belief in the efficacy of prayer; but she had made up her mind from the beginning that her tea parties were to be pure and simple recreation, and that any good which should come out of them was to come incidentally. The women and girls who came at her bidding were to feel they came to be entertained, came as her guests, just as, had they been duchesses, they might have come to her tea-parties duchesses in Park Lane or Carlton Gardens. They were not asked in order that they should be taught, or preached to, or wearied into the praying of prayers or the singing of hymns. They went as equals to visit a friend who relished their society.

And did not everybody relish the tea, which might be described as a Yorkshire tea of a humble order; not the Yorkshire tea which may mean mayonnaise and perigord pie, chicken and champagne—but tea understood in the potteries of Hull, or the humbler alleys and streets of Leeds or Bradford. Three moderate-sized tables had been joined together to make one capacious board, spread with snowy damask, upon which appeared two large plum loaves, two tall towers of bread and butter, a glass bowl of marmalade, a bowl of jam, two dishes of thinly-sliced German sausage bought at the most respectable ham and beef shop in the Borough, and as trustworthy as German sausage can be; and for crowning glory of the feast a plentiful supply of shrimps, freshly sweetening of the unseemly. The hot buttered toast was frizzling on a brass footman in front of the fire, ready to be handed round piping hot, as no, poor girl could be trusted with it, one at each end of the table, and there were two bright copper kettles, which had never been defiled by the smoke of the fire, filled with admirable tea.

Miss Newton took her place at the head of the table, with Theodore on her right hand, and a pretty young woman on her left hand on her left. These two assisted the hostess in the administration of the tea tray, handing cups and saucers, and generally supplying the tea, so doing they had frequent occasion to look at each other.

Being some there prepared to be interested, Theodore soon began to interest himself in this young woman, whom Miss Newton addressed as Marian. She was by no means beautiful, yet had the prettiest face he had seen, and must have been very handsome, and he occupied himself in reconstructing the beauty of the past from the wreck of the present.

The lines of the face were classic in their regularity, but the hollow cheeks and pallid complexion told of care and sorrow, and the face was pinched and hard and joyless life. The eyes were darkest grey, large and pathetic-looking, the eyes of a woman who had suffered much and thought much, and who could make eyes gave a mournful charm to the pale pinched face, and the light auburn hair was still luxuriant. Therefore the hollow cheeks and tapering fingers, which differed curiously from the other hands which were busy around the hospitable board.

He could see that this young woman was a favorite with Sarah Newton, and he told himself that she was of a race apart from the rest; but he was agreeably surprised in finding that except for the cockney accent, and a few slight lapses in grammar and pronunciation, Miss Newton's guests were quite as refined as those hobbs of Dorchester with whom he had been his privilege to associate; indeed, he was not sure that he did not prefer the Cockney twang and the faulty grammar to the second hand assumption and sang of the young ladies whose "Awfully jolly." "Ain't it," and "Don't you know," had so often irritated his ear on tennis lawns or at afternoon tea party. Here at least there was the unstudied speech of people who knew not the caprices of fashion or the latest catch word that had descended from Belgravia to Brompton, and from Brompton to the provinces.

There was a great deal of talk, as Miss Newton had told him there would be; and as she encouraged all her guests to talk about themselves, he gathered a good deal of interesting information about the state of the different trades and callings, the wages paid by different employers, most of whom seemed to be of a despotic and grasping temper. The widows talked of their struggles at the Foundling Hospital and the Asylum for Orphan Girls; the girls talked a little, and with all modesty, of their sweethearts. Sarah Newton was interested in every detail of those humble lives, and never seemed to remember every fact bearing upon the joys or the sorrows of her guests. It was a wonder to Theodore to see how these care-worn faces lighted up round the cheerful table in the bright lamplight. Yes, it was surely to do much to live for such a daughter of the people, to lighten their burdens by this quick sympathy, this cheerful hospitality. Vast pleasure halls and people's palaces may do much for the million; but here was one little house, with a small income making an atmosphere of friendliness and comfort for the few, and able to get a great and nearer to them than Philanthropy on a gigantic scale can ever get to the many.

Theodore noticed that while most other tongues had been busy, the pretty Miss Marian was silent, after her task of distributing the tea was over, with hands folded in her lap, listening to the voices round her, and with a soft grave smile on her lips, and her face at rest. In repose her countenance was deeply sad, and he found himself speculating upon the history of her life, and the melancholy lines upon a face that was still young.

"I am much interested in your next neighbor," he said to Miss Newton presently, while Marian was helping some little girl at the table. "I feel sure there must be something very sad in her experience of life, and that she has suffered much from the world."

"So do I," answered Miss Newton, "but I know very little more about her than you do, except that she is a most exquisite worker with those taper fingers of hers. She has been hard worked for the same baby-linen house for the last three years, and lived in the same second-floor back in Bermondsey Buildings. I think she is as fond of me as she can be, yet she has never told me where she was born, or who her people were, or what her life has been like. Once she went out for a day to the country with me, and common-place life, and that her troubles had been in nowise extraordinary—except the fact of her being a poor and even Lazarus-like fever. which left her a wreck. Once from some chance illusion I learnt that it was in Italy she caught the fever, and that it was badly treated by a foreign doctor; but that one fact is all she ever let slip unawares in her talk, so carefully does she avoid every allusion to the past. I believe I could tell you that I have mentioned her. I have reason to know that her life for the last three years has been spotless, an intense Christian spirit, and a heart so full that she is charitable and kind without stint to those who are poorer than herself. That is quite enough for me, and I have encouraged her to make a friend of me in every way in my power.

She is happy in having found such a friend, and I trouble friend to a woman who has sunk from higher social surroundings."

"Yes, I think I have been a comfort to her. She comes to my little parlor, and we meet nearly every day at the Free Library, where she takes notes about our reading. My only regret is that I cannot induce her to take enough air and exercise. She spends all the time that she can spare from her needlework in reading. But I take her for a walk now and then, and I think it will be a great pleasure to her when the tramcar carries us to Battersea Park, and we can stroll about amongst grass and trees, and hear the birds sing. She is better off than most of the girls in the way of getting a little rest after toil, for that fine, delicate needle-work of hers pays better than the common run of work, and she is the quickest worker I know."

The tables were cleared by this time, and space had been made for that half circle round the fire of which Miss Newton had spoke on the previous night. The younger girls brought benches and cushions, and seated themselves in the front rank, while their elders sat in the outer row of chairs.

Theodore was now called upon to contribute his share to the entertainment, and then upon took a book from his pocket.

"You told me you and your friends were fond of creepy stories, Miss Newton," he said. "Is that really so?"

"Really and truly."

"And you are none of you afflicted with weak nerves—you are not afraid of being made uncomfortable by the memory of a ghastly story?"

"No. I think that with most of us the cares of life are too real and too absorbing to leave any room in our minds for imaginary horrors. Isn't it so, now, friends?"

"Lor, yes, Miss Newton," answered one of the girls briskly. "We've got lots of us too busy to worry about ghosts; but I love a ghost tale for all that."

A chorus of voices echoed this assertion.

"Then, ladies, I shall have the honor of reading the 'Haunters and the Haunted,' by Bulwer Lytton."

The very little of the story thrilled them, and the whole party, just now so noisy with eager talk and frequent laughter, sat breathless, looking at the reader with awe-stricken eyes as that wonderful story slowly unwound itself.

Theodore read well, in that subdued and semi-dramatic style which is best adapted to chamber-reading. He felt what he read, and the horror of the imaginary scene was vividly before his eyes as he read.

The reading lasted nearly two hours, but it was not one moment too long for Theodore's audience, and there was a sigh of regret when the last words of the story had been spoken.

"Well," exclaimed one young lady, "I do call that a first-class tale, don't you, Miss Newton?"

"You may go a long way without getting such a ghost tale as that," said another; "and don't he gentleman read beautifully, and don't he make one feel as if it was all going on in this very room, and the dog, too! There, I never see such a thing! A poor dog to drop down dead like that."

"I did hope that there dog would come to at the end," said one dismal.

By way of diversion after the story Miss Newton opened her piano, beckoned three of the girls over to her, and played the symphony of Blow, Gentle Gales, which old-fashioned glee the three girls sang with taste and discretion, the bass part being altered to suit a female voice. Then came some songs, all of which Miss Newton accompanied; and then at her request Theodore read again, this time selecting Holmes' Wonderful One Hoss Shay, which caused much laughter; after which the little clock on the chimney piece having struck eleven, he wished his hostess good-night, accepted his coat and hat from among the heap of jackets and hats on a table on the landing, and went downstairs.

He was still in Wedgewood street when he heard light footsteps coming quickly behind him. It seemed to him that they were trying to overtake him, so he turned and met the owner of the feet.

"I beg your pardon, sir; forgive me for following you," said a gentle voice, which he recognized as belonging to the girl called Marian, "I want so much to speak to you—alone."

"And I am glad of the opportunity of speaking to you," he answered. "I felt particularly interested in you this evening—there are some faces, you know, which interest us in spite of ourselves almost, and I felt that I should like to know more of you."

This was so gravely said that there was no possibility of any offensive construction being given to the words.

"You are very good, sir. It was your name that struck me, she answered, falteringly; "it is a Dorsetshire name, I think.

"Yes, it is a Dorsetshire name, and I am a Dorchester man."

"Dorchester," she repeated slowly. "I wonder whether you know a place called Cheriton?"

"I know it very well, indeed. A kinsman of mine lives there. Lord Cheriton is my cousin."

"I thought as much, directly I heard your name. You must know all about that dreadful murder, upon last summer?"

"Yes I know about as much of it as anyone knows, and that is very little."

"Do they think it was the murderer?" she asked, with a faint shudder.

"No, nor are they ever likely to find him, I believe. But tell me why you are interested in Cheriton. Do you come from that part of the country?"

"Yes."

"Were you born in Cheriton village?"

"I was brought up not far from there," she answered hesitatingly.

Theodore pondered on that Miss Newton had told him of her own forbearance in asking questions, and he pursued the inquiry no further.

"May I see you as far as your lodgings?" he said kindly. "It will be very little out of my way."

"No, thank you, Mr. Dalbrook. I am too much accustomed to going about alone ever to want any escort. Good night, and thank you for having answered my questions so kindly."

She held his hand for a moment, and refuse to shake hands with him, but her manner showed a disinclination to prolong the interview, and she walked away with hurried steps which carried her swiftly into the darkness.

"Poor lonely soul," he said to himself. "Now, whose lost sheep is she, I wonder? Not a servant of any rank above a cottager's daughter, and with those hands of hers it is clear she has never been in domestic service. Not far from Cheriton? What may that mean? Not far is a vague description of locality. I must ask Lady Cheriton about her the next time I am at the Chase."

(To be Continued.)

Quite the Contrary.

Borus—"I suppose Miss Hilfe, to whom you introduced me last evening, thought I was a bore."

Miss Porus—"Oh, no, indeed, Mr. Borus; she said you amused her considerably."

Irrelevant.

"Mamma, at the Ponce de Leon hotel, last night, Mr. De Ritch asked me to be his wife."

"Of course you accepted him!"

"Of course—but he began so queerly."

"How?"

"He asked me if I loved him!"—*Puck.*

A Contented Mind.

Papa (that is to be)—What are your prospects, Mr. de Brazen?

Mr. de Brazen—Merely that of being your son-in-law, sir. I don't want anything better.

Odd Tale of a Bridegroom.

It was twilight as I took my way from the station to High Cliff Hotel, with my traveling-bag in my hand.

I was on my way to be married. Marriage is an important change in a man's life, and the prospect naturally occupied my thoughts completely. I was happy; I was anxious; I was nervous. I adored my betrothed, and fondly loved my mother, and they had not rushed into each other's arms and vowed eternal fidelity at first sight. My mother had spoken of my marriage as if it was to be my funeral, which was not exhilarating.

I was about to marry the late General F.'s daughter, and as Mrs. F. had not been a widow two years, she desired the wedding to be very private, and so did my Emma.

We were to start directly upon a little trip to Europe, and the notice of our wedding would appear after we were gone.

Mrs. F. was inconsolable at the thought of losing her daughter, and also constantly bewailed the departed general behind a black-bordered handkerchief.

My little journey was taken quite alone; my mother's parting blessing had been: "I hope you may never repent it, my poor boy," and, altogether, it was a trying time which I should be glad to have over.

My Emma's mother lived in a villa on the Hudson. Our wedding was to be on the following day, or, rather, evening, and it was necessary for me to stop over night on the road.

High Cliff Hotel looked promising, and I had declined a cab because I thought a walk would raise my spirits. I was feeling better even now, and thinking how lovely the scenery was, when I suddenly came upon a man who was occupied in a curious way.

He was emptying his pockets of everything they contained. Letters, cards and papers followed one another, being torn into fragments and tossed over the bank into the river. His handkerchief followed, then his portemonnaie, from which, however, he first took his money and returned it to his pocket.

"Not intent on suicide, at least," I thought.

Having examined his penknife, he looked in his hat, took out a ribbon, which he cut into inch bits, shook his fist in the air, caught up a traveling-bag which stood near, and strode away.

"A little queer in his head, no doubt," I said to myself, and walked on. As I passed the spot where he had been standing, I paused and looked over the bank. The water below was full of particles of paper floating in every direction, and one visiting card had lodged in a bunch of long grass that grew at the water side. I picked it up and read:

CHEOPS. P. MIZZLE.

"A queer name," thought I. "Perhaps he intends to change it—I should." And having put the card into my pocket, to laugh over with Emma, went to the hotel. To my horror, the first person I saw was my old acquaintance, Chattem.

You know there are places where you simply cannot dig a well, but there is a little machine, nevertheless, that will drill through any rock until it comes to water. Chattem always reminded me of this machine. People who could resist the ordinary pumper, abandoned hope when he began to bore their souls.

I knew that if Chattem discovered that I was in the hotel, he would follow me about and ask me questions until I should tell him not only that I was to be married on the morrow, but all that had been said by everybody, and thought by everybody, and done by everybody, as far as I knew. This would be injudicious, for Chattem was a great publisher of news as well as a great interviewer. Therefore, I determined to dodge him, if possible. I would start upon my journey at dawn. I could sup in my own apartments. Yes, I would dodge Chattem.

I pulled my hat over my eyes, passed softly around to a side entrance, was received by a waiter, and ushered into the presence of a haughty and unbending hotel clerk, who handed me a book and pen with an air of contempt which I am sure the recording angel never assumes to any newly arrived mortal. I had forgotten that this formality was necessary. Alas! I was lost. Chattem would read the new arrivals and come to my room at once.

A bright idea struck me. No one knew me. I should never, perhaps, stop here again. I would register a name that was not my own, and baffle Chattem. I am sure my evil genius whispered in my ear at that moment, for the name upon the card I had picked up suddenly occurred to me, and I placed upon the page before me the record—Cheops P. Mizzle.

The moment I had done so it occurred to me that this might be forgery, and I felt myself turning scarlet. But it was too late to undo the deed. All that was possible was to hide myself away up stairs until the morning trains started; consequently I followed the waiter to my room with great alacrity.

Once there, with a good supper before me, and a well-fed waiter obsequiously rubbing his hands, I felt safe.

"Remember," said I to the waiter, "that I am at home to no one. "I am tired, and am going to bed at once. Call me in time for the six o'clock train, and bring me coffee and a roll as soon as I am up."

"Yes—sir—certainly, sir. Anything more, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Nothing," said I, and he retired, shutting the door gently after him.

I locked it, and drew a great breath.

"Safe!" I murmured—"safe, at last, from Chattem!"

I ate my supper, I smoked my cigar, I drank my absent Emma's health in a glass or two of Madeira, and retired.

Hotel mattresses are generally hard; mine was no exception to the general rule, but I slept soon, and slept soundly. A loud knocking at my bedroom door aroused me. It was the waiter, of course; but how dark it was for six o'clock! I drew my watch from under my pillow, struck a match and looked at it. It was not yet three o'clock: but the knocking was repeated.

"Hullo!" cried I. "Who is there?"

"Me, sir," replied the waiter.

"I told you to call me for the six o'clock train," said I.

"Yes, sir, certainly, sir; this ain't the train, sir. It's a gentleman that wants to see you, sir."

Chattem had found me out, then, and gone farther than he usually did. I could not help laughing at his impudence.

"Tell the gentleman that I'm asleep," said I.

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter. "I did tell him that, sir; but he said I must call you, sir."

"Well, tell him to go to—to bed himself," said I. "I'll see him in the morning."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter; but he was back again in a moment, and growled: "He says you must open the door, sir.

Here another voice interposed, with these words:

"I beg you will not disturb my guests. It will be better for all parties if you will admit this gentleman quietly."

Chattem was not to be baffled, then.

"Confound it!" I exclaimed. "I doubt your right to disturb me in this way. My rest is important to me to night. However, let him come in, if he can't live without doing so."

And I arose, drew back the bolt, and retired to bed again.

A heavy step crossed the threshold; another followed, and the door was bolted and the lamp lit. Sitting up in bed, I saw two large, heavily-built men, one standing with his back against the door and one at the foot of my bed.

I was traveling with a large sum of money about me, which would be needed for our European journey; and it occurred to me that this had become known. These men were robbers. My precious bag, containing papers of value, cash, the wedding-ring and a set of pearls which I had bought for Emma, as well as our passage tickets, was near at hand. My pistol was under my pillow.

Seizing the pistol, I prepared to defend both my money and my life. In a twinkling I was disarmed. One of the men took the pistol from me, the other seized my wrists, slipped a pair of handcuffs upon them, and then he stood over me with a revolver in his hand.

"Help!" I shouted. "Murder! murder! I'm being robbed and murdered! Help! help!" On this, the landlord added himself to the group, whisking in at the door as Punch whisks up to the edge of his box in his celebrated show.

"My dear sir," he pleaded, "it will not mend matters to destroy the credit of my house."

"Is it possible," I indignantly cried, "that you are in league with burglars?"

"Burglars!" said the man with the revolver. "We are here to arrest you. We are detectives. You know that as well as I do. We've shadowed you all the week."

"Detectives?" said I. "In that case you have made one of your usual ludicrous mistakes, and shadowed the wrong man."

"I fancy you made a mistake when you wrote Cheops P. Mizzle in the visitors' book in the office," he sneeringly replied.

"Oh, that is it, eh!" said I.

"I should say so," he replied. "We were quite off the scent, when one of the boarders here, Mr. Chattem, who knew our business, told us that he had seen your name on the register."

"Oh, Chattem did it, did he? Old busybody! And what is my crime?"

"Forgery is what we want you for."

"Forgery! Well, I confess I wrote another man's name, but it was only a little joke of mine."

"You'll find it an expensive joke," said the detective.

"I'll tell you why I did it; I wanted——"

"Now, you are not bound to criminate yourself, Mr. Mizzle," said the other man.

"My name is Lamb," I answered—"Phineas Lamb."

"Too late for that dodge. You have just confessed the forgery. Come, we want you. You might as well go by the milk train and escape publicity. Get up and dress."

"I don't understand," said I. "You want to arrest me for writing a wrong name in the hotel register. I meant no harm. I'll tell you all about it."

"We want you for writing Mr. Isaac Moneypenny's name at the bottom of several checks, as you very well know."

"I never did that. I never saw one of Isaac Moneypenny's checks."

"That is curious, as you have been his cashier for several years," said the detective

"I! I! I'm nobody's cashier! Oh, I see! I begin to understand! Cheops P. Mizzle is a forger of whom you are in pursuit?"

"Exactly," said the detective.

"And you have mistaken me for him," said I. "It was an idiotic thing to register under an assumed name. But I assure you I am Phineas Lamb. I am going to—to be married. I am in my father's business in Chicago. I am not the person you want."

"We do not wish to use force," said the eldest man. "But don't talk that way to old detectives. You must come along."

Here was a dilemma. Of course, I should prove my identity in the end. I had only to meet Mr. Moneypenny face to face. But a delay must occur, my marriage must be postponed, my Emma alarmed. I could not sail on the steamer for which I had tickets. My relatives were in Chicago. Suddenly a thought occurred to me.

"Landlord," said I, "call Mr. Chattem, won't you: He knows me."

"Probably a confederate," said the detective.

"No," said the landlord. "Mr. Chattem comes here every summer; he knows everybody."

"It is only an excuse for delay or something," said the detective. "Don't rouse Mr. Chattem for nothing."

But the waiter, whose intellect I always respected from that moment, and who, I forgot to say, had recently emerged from a dark corner, remarked:

"Mr. Chattem, sir, is awake, sir. He's asking questions of the hall boy, sir. He always takes an interest, sir, in everything that going on."

"Ask him to step in here, then," said the landlord.

A moment more and Chattem entered. I had never belived that I should be glad to see Chattem, but now I rejoiced. His first words were:

"Dear me! What! You in trouble! A fine young fellow like you! Tell me all about it."

I did. I told him everything, merely saying that I desired to travel incognito, and picking up the card in the road, used the name upon it. To his question why I wished to be incognito I only replied:

"The society papers. You know we don't want the wedding noticed until it is over."

And Chattem was delighted. He had the first news, which was always precious to him.

He vouched for me. The whole hotel stood ready to vouch for him, and the detectives let go of me as reluctantly as a bull-dog disengages his teeth from the calf of a tramp's leg.

I took the six o'clock train, and Chattem saw me off.

I suppose that no wedding was ever so well advertised before as ours was. Chattem must have interviewed fifty reporters, for all the papers published accounts of my adventures next morning, and every one who knew me or my bride turned out to see us off when we sailed. Moreover, the first newspaper I looked at in England had a paragraph headed: *Odd Tale of a Yankee Bridegroom.* And in a Paris journal I found another entitled: *Wished to Travel Incognito.*

Romantic Story of a Young French Couple.

A young married man of Lyons fell in love with a young married woman. They met secretly, adored each other, and agreed to fly together—to put the seas between themselves and their families. But there was a slight difficulty in the way. They had little money for a long journey, and they wanted to be far, far away—in America for choice. Then an idea came to the man that they would take their small capital of a few hundred francs and go to Monte Carlo and make it into a fortune—a fortune which would enable them to live in peace and plenty on a far-off shore. So it came that one day, with a small box and a portmanteau, the fugitives arrived at Monte Carlo and put up in a little hotel where for eight francs a day you can have bed and board. They had only a few hundred francs with them. In the letter which they had left behind they explained that from the first their arrangements were complete. They foresaw the possibilities of the situation. They would play until they had won enough money to go to America or they would lose all. And if they lost all they would die together and give their friends no further trouble about them.

They were a few days only in Monte Carlo. They risked their louis only a few at a time and spent the remainder of the days and evenings in strolling about the romantic glades and quiet pathways of the beautiful gardens whispering together of love and looking into each other's eyes.

The end came quickly. One evening they went up in the soft moonlight to the fairyland of Monte Carlo. They entered the Casino. They had come to their last few golden coins. One by one the croupier's remorseless rake swept them away, and then the lovers went out of the hot, crowded rooms, out from the glare of the chandeliers and the swinging lamps into the tender moonlight again. Down "the Staircase of Fortune" arm in arm they went, along the glorious marble terraces that look upon the sea, on to where at the foot of the great rock on which Monaco stands there lies the Condamine. It was their last walk together. The lovers were going home to die.

That night, in some way which I was unable to ascertain, the guilty and ruined man and woman obtained some charcoal and got it into their bedrooms. They then closed the windows and doors and prepared for death. They wrote a letter—a letter which an official assured me was so touching that as he read it in the room where they lay dead, the tears ran down his cheeks. Then the girl—she was but a girl—dressed herself in snowy white and placed in her breast a sweet bouquet of violets. Then the charcoal was lighted and the lovers laid themselves out for death, side by side, and passed dreamily into sleep, from sleep to death, and from death to judgment.

It is not a moral story; it is not a new story. I have told it simply as it happened.—*London Referee.*

The Vulgar Tongue.

First Citizen.—Soy, young feller, I kin do you up! See!
Second Citizen.—Rats!!!

Mrs. Tenacre.—Goodness me! Where!

Human Nature.

Smith and Jones were passing down Oxford street, London, and before them strutted one of the members of a musical society, who sang as he walked along snatches from ballads and operas to his own intense satisfaction.

"I bet you a level shilling," said S. to J., "that I give that chap in front of us, who is singing, a terrific kick, which he will not resent, and instead of being annoyed will thank me."

"Perhaps you know him—he is a friend of yours," J. replied

"I have never spoken to him, and he doesn't know me," said S.

"Right you are, then; I'll take you," said J. S. advanced to the warbler, and watching his opportunity, dealt the baritone a terrific kick. The baritone turned round, maddened with passion at the unprovoked and unexpected attack. S. in no way disconcerted, raised his hat politely, and with the most profound bow, and with the appearance of sincere regret, said:

"Excuse me! I thought from your voice I recognized my old friend Santley."

The compliment was too telling, and the singer, overcome with pride at the suggested comparison, replied:

"My dear sir, you are too kind!"

Smith won his bet, but the joke should not be tried upon the same baritone again.

An Unrehearsed Effect.

The audience of a well-known London theatre were recently delighted with the following unrehearsed effect:

Darkened stage. Enter jealous heroine softly.

"Twas here that they were to meet. They little know that their perfidious love-making will be overheard by me. I will watch my opportunity and confront him. But, soft! Methought I heard a footfall."

Disturbance in the dress circle caused by gentleman with creaky boots proceeding hurriedly to his place.

Voice of indignation from the gallery: "Why don't you take your boots off!"

Nothing Lost in Paris.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* has some curious statements respecting the food consumption of Paris. In the large lyceums and schools, boys are generally very wasteful; they will throw away half the bread they get for lunch, tread upon it, kick it into the gutter, ink, etc.

None of these fragments are lost. The servants sell them to certain dealers, who are called *boulangers en vieux*, and turn their acquisitions to good account. They first pick out all the tolerable pieces, which they heat in an oven and then rasp clean. Thus prepared, these bits reappear in the market in the shape of toast for soup.

Most of the *croûtons*, cut into lozenges and served on the tables of the rich, with spinach, have no other origin. As for the dirty crumbs and refuse left after the picking, they are pounded in a mortar and sold to butchers as *chapelure*, with which they cover their cutlets and knuckles of ham.

The really filthy remainder, which is too bad even for *chapelure*, is blackened over a fire, pounded, and then mixed up with honey aromatized with a few drops of essence of peppermint. This is sold as an opiate for the toothache.

A Florida Disappointment.

One of the wharf-boys—"Pull lak ole Satan, Clem Dat Jacksin nigger's a gaisin' on yer."
Chorus—"Tain't a watanmillion aftah all. Only dat las' new boadah up ter d' hotel."—*Judge.*

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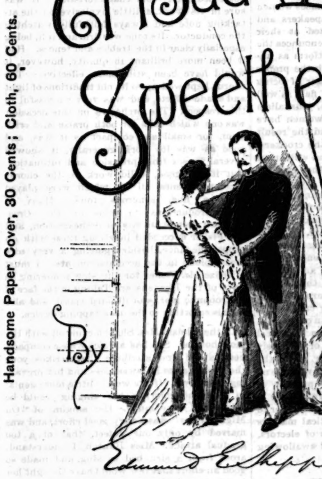

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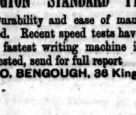

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Taking Their Rights.

It must be a source of consolation to the Woman's Rights advocates that notwithstanding their ill-success in impressing their ideas upon the politicians, the cause is steadily progressing in other directions. In the department of political agitation and in all those spheres of influence which lie outside of the ballot-box and the halls of legislation women instead of asking for their rights are simply taking them. The change that has been wrought in this respect in the course of a generation amounts to nothing less than a social revolution, but it has been so gradually accomplished as to attract less attention than it deserves. In all social and moral causes women are well to the front as public speakers and nobody is shocked or scandalized at their prominence. The man who now denounces the appearance of a lady on the platform as unfeminine and calculated to disturb the proper relations of the sexes is in danger of being laughed at as an old fogy. This field as well as the kindred ones of medicine, journalism and other arts and professions women have conquered without the ballot, and the result has falsified the vaticinations of the croakers. But it is in conservative England still more than on this continent where the greatest change is noticeable. Not only are women now employed in a hundred trades and occupations once considered the exclusive field of the sterner sex, but they have of late taken a very prominent part in political warfare. Both of the great parties have strong associations among the women who enter upon political campaigns with a zeal and whole, heartedness surpassing perhaps that of the men. Many elections have been turned by the persistence and energy of the lady canvassers. In fact women are now prominent in connection with all public movements from practical politics down—or up—to those of a purely moral and intellectual character. On the abstract question of female suffrage we have no opinion to offer, but the present position of affairs is clearly anomalous. To refuse a talented woman a vote, while permitting her to write, speak and agitate on political matters and so sway the votes of hundreds of electors, is very like straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.

Literary Degeneracy.

It is not a little singular that despite the increase of knowledge, and the immense literary activity of these latter days, the present generation of writers do not seem able to produce anything worthy of comparison with the masterpieces of the past. "Of making many books there is no end," but the books unfortunately disclose a great falling off in power and genius, as contrasted with the classics of the language. Where are the poets of to-day worthy to be named in the same breath not merely with Shakespeare and Milton, but with those of the last few generations—Byron, Shelley, Burns or Longfellow? And our novelists—what a distance there is between Scott, Thackeray and Dickens and the thousand and one fictionists who deluge the libraries with infinitely inferior stuff. We may best estimate the falling off by taking account of the few abler works which stand out prominently from the mass of frothy or feeble issues and create a widespread sensation—such books as Robert Elsmere, and the stories of Rider Haggard, Stevenson and Besant. That such productions—well enough in their way—should create such a splutter and set all the pens of the critics and reviewers going, is the clearest evidence we could have of a decay of literary power in the Anglo Saxon world. We hear much of the revolution in historical methods, and no doubt the art of weighing and estimating historical evidence has progressed. Modern histories may be more reliable than Hume, Gibbon, and Smollett, but for all that these writers are not able to equal them in genius or produce works capable of taking as strong a hold on the public mind. May not the reason of this general declension in literature be found in the changed social conditions of authorship? In old time literature was poorly remunerated. Few were able to make it a profession or look to its rewards as a regular means of subsistence. Men wrote then not as a rule with a view to immediate profit or appreciation, but because they felt that they had something to say. They had not the fear of public opinion continually before their eyes nor the necessity of cultivating a cheap temporary popularity. Nowadays when tens of thousands live by the pen, and some realize fortunes by authorship, writers almost invariably aim to please. They want to stand well with society. Instead of "looking in their hearts and writing" they look to their market, and study what will take best. Moreover they are compelled to work at high pressure, to take advantage of the fickle favor of the multitude before they are forgotten in the enthusiasm which greets a rival. So volume after volume is turned out in quick succession in which the author, instead of giving us the best of which he is capable, gives simply what will sell and suit the taste of the day. It is not surprising that literature is degenerating.

Mr. G. R. Sims has been to Monte Carlo. As a natural consequence he is now engaged upon a new play.

Music

The veil of dulness which covered musical matters for the past fortnight has lifted and we have enjoyed the greater lightness and beauty of the scene thus disclosed. The Choral Society's concert, the Henschel recital, and the Torrington orchestral concert make up a bill of fare which only needed the fulfilment of the Juch engagement to round off a busy and varied week. We were all sorry to hear that the charming Miss Juch was suffering from tonsillitis. We all know how sensitive prime donne are to the slightest variation of climate and temperature, and that their health must be most jealously guarded, but I have a fancy that "tonsillitis" in this instance is what some physicians call a "pain in the plan," which will doubtless cease if during the week the sale of seats is increased by two or three hundred dollars. As we all admire Miss Juch very much, we live in hopes that her case may be ameliorated. Further brilliancy is offered for the close of the week by the recital to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel at the College of Music on Saturday evening.

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The Choral Society's concert was well attended and though not brilliant, was still a success. The audience was sympathetic and applauded frequently and with discrimination. The chorus was watchful and loyal to Mr. Fisher, as the Choral chorus always is, and it possessed all its old characteristics. It was sure in its work, a little explosive on the attacking note and always faithfully watching the conductor. Its tone was firm and full, being especially clear in the trebles and tenors. Had it been more brilliant in quality, however, it would have been still more effective. The chorus kept well up to its old traditions of light and shade effects, and was very successful in this respect. The orchestra on this occasion was one which calls for both praise and criticism, for small and compact as it was, and good as was its work generally, it showed several lapses from precision and intonation. But it did good, solid work in the chorus accompaniments, all of which were played with a fine, sonorous tone. Many of the introductions to solos in the Creation are delightful bits of orchestration, and Mr. Fisher succeeded in giving these with all proper elegance, besides getting a very nice mezzo-piano in the accompaniments. I must criticize Mr. Fisher for the slow rendering he gave of the Heavens are Telling in the face of metronomic marks of decided speed, and also for his resorting to the desk-tapping device.

Of the soloists Mrs. Shilton came off with the most honors. She has a voice whose compactness is the first attribute that strikes you; then you realize its sweetness and her prevailing good style. If she were a little more genial in tone and coloring, her singing would be brightened very much. Her singing of "On Mighty Pens" was a very good effort, and was marred by only one defect, that of a too gradual attack. Miss Bunton, I understand, arose from a sick bed to sing, and made so good an effort that few would have thought her incapacitated, though a morning paper printed a savage and undeserved criticism of her performance. Though lacking in the spontaneity which generally shows in her voice, her work on Thursday evening was conscientious and pleasing. The tenor, Mr. Charles V. Slocum of Buffalo, was unsympathetic in style and voice, but was correct and painstaking. The recitatives arias of the bass part, as sung by Messrs. Blight and Schuch, very generally strengthened the frequently expressed opinion that for bass soloists we need hardly go outside of the city.

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Few people have ever come to Toronto and succeeded at once in establishing themselves prime favorites, as have Mr. and Mrs. George Henschel, and none have ever achieved such success on better or more thoroughly well-deserved grounds. The audience at their recital on Monday evening was wretchedly small, but it was composed of people whose verdict is conclusive, and they have not hesitated to express one so favorable that I think the recital to-night will show a different result. Occasionally we hear one of the giants of the vocal world give us a performance which makes us all, in a moment of self-depreciation, feel that our best efforts are but crude and childish, but in such cases a giant voice assists in our humiliation. On Monday night, however, this salutary effect was produced without having recourse to a giant voice. The work was above everything else, artistic. And it is just in this perfect appreciation and adjustment of all artistic requirements, and their ability to meet the demands made by this knowledge, that Mr. and Mrs. Henschel excel. First of all as to their singing, Mrs. Henschel has not a large voice, but it is exquisitely trained and of surpassing sweetness. She has a delicious *mezzo* voice, which can be, but rarely is, expanded to largeness of tone. When this is done, it is just as sweet and rich as when she is singing softly. Her tone is limpid and clear, her attack is soft but direct, but above all her *nuances* of shading and expression constitute her chief charm.

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Mr. Henschel, on the other hand, has a much larger voice, full and rich, and with the same expressive and tender *mezzo voce* which he uses with rare discretion. The dramatic intensity he is able to impart to his singing is his strongest point. His singing of Loewe's Erlkoenig and of Schumann's Die Belden Grenadiere has never been excelled in Toronto. Still he gave me the impression of a man who always sang sitting. There was an absence of freedom and depth of tone which could come from no other cause. It is a very different thing to sing with both hands and arms stretched forward, and with a corresponding narrowing of the chest, from what it is to stand up and revel in the freedom of the posture while you sing. If Mr. Henschel could sing standing with an accompaniment as good as his own but played by some one else, what a magnificent performance we should have! But this would be Utopia. As it is the accompaniments that he plays are perfection. They are exquisitely adjusted to the voice, yet they are poetic, dramatic and descriptive in themselves.

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In going to see Erminie, on the other hand, I could see how the vocal excellence of a part could be made subservient to the beauty of its delineator. Miss Isabelle Urquhart is a rarely beautiful woman, a statuesque, Junoesque beauty; but alas! her voice and method of singing are in inverse proportion to her beauty. That from such a noble looking woman so small and veiled a voice should proceed, and be delivered with so little professional art, was a disappointment. The Cerise of Miss O'Keefe displayed similar contrasts. Refreshing on the other hand was Mr. Geo. H. Broderick, whose voice fairly warmed his listeners. The chorus was very fair, but the ever-prevalent "scoop" was so thoroughly to the fore that I was possessed by the constant dread that the young ladies surely could not reach the point they were aiming at. The orchestra, however, was extremely good, considerable addition having been made to the regular forces of the house.

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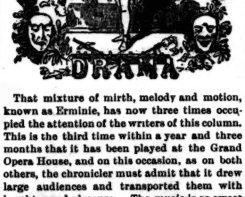
The Leipzig papers have been unanimous in a most ardent recognition of the beautiful playing of Miss Nora Clench, our young Canadian violinist. She recently played the first movement of Beethoven's D major violin concerto, and had the audience at her feet. She is admitted to be rising—"a bright star in the heaven of art." Those who have heard her here will be pleased to hear of her success before one of the most critical audiences in the world.

METRONOME.



That mixture of mirth, melody and motion, known as Erminie, has now three times occupied the attention of the writers of this column. This is the third time within a year and three months that it has been played at the Grand Opera House, and on this occasion, as on both others, the chronicler must admit that it drew large audiences and transported them with laughter and pleasure. The music is so sweet and simple and catchy. What baby would not sleep to such a lullaby as Erminie sing? And how many fond Good-nights does one not think of while listening to that dreamy song, redolent of moonlight and the night:

"Good-night, good-night,
May dreams be bright."

One can almost hear the echo dying away in the distant wood. Then the costumes are so beautiful and artistic. Pink and white always blend harmoniously whether they be the hue of health on the cheek of sweet sixteen or the picturesque pink dresses and powdered wigs worn so largely by the Erminie cast. And when the variegated colors move and go floating round in eddies of girls, the senses follow delightedly the maze of dreamy motion. Erminie is one of those tempting, humorous, melodic, pattering, circling, dazzling combinations that people pay money to see again and again.

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Erminie has always come to Toronto in the hands of good companies and mounted with all the skill, taste and liberality which are proverbial at the Casino, New York. On each occasion, however, there have been important changes in the cast, so that we have had abundant opportunities of seeing how differently the characters are treated by different people, and selecting out of these the ones we liked best. Many comparisons were heard during the performances this week; but as the unpleasantness of these things has passed into a proverb, perhaps it is best to abstain from comparisons as much as possible. Besides, in comic opera, it is almost impossible to fix a criterion, as a good deal depends on the receptive condition of the listener and is somewhat "a matter of taste." Miss Isabelle Urquhart, who takes the part of Erminie this time, is not a great singer. By her beauty and her excellent acting, together with what vocal ability she possesses, she did her part successfully, and became quite a favorite. When Nadjy succeeded Erminie at the Casino, the night of the initial performance Miss Urquhart appeared in the role of Rzelka, which necessitated her wearing tights and military boots. Nym Crynkle's comments on her in this connection are interesting. He said: "All you perceive is a stupendously Roman girl, severely handsome (not pretty as some of the fellows insist on calling her), with a Cæsarine nose and chin, very cold and prominent and decided, and a Latin grey eye, as if some Borgia had settled in Scotland, given up maccaroni for oatmeal, and modified the race of Urquharts with the chilly environment of the extreme North. Strange, superb combination! Pagan in limb like one of those Amazons the Greeks invented, and matronly in pose like one of those materna who killed their own children for the good of the State. With a clear, white, strong *s'fogetta* voice, like a cornet, that exactly matches her profile, but without a tremor of emotion or a shade of feeling in it—as if somebody had hidden a Roman trumpet in one of those marble Amazons of the Greeks and it were played automatically like the Memnonian calliope. You could not quite shake off the hallucination that Urquhart was in some doubt as to which was the biggest, her leg or her voice, and so gave her observers the benefit of both. You were puzzled at times to decide whether she was Scotch and human, as her step and her name indicated, when she strode out and posed, or only Roman and marble as her voice suggested when she sang."

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Miss Anna O'Keefe as Cerise has been heard here before and is well liked. Katie Gilbert as Javotte was very clever and sang well. Ruth Rose as the Princess could improve her part by making up so as to look a little older. Her fresh and youthful appearance ill becomes a hysterical old maid. The Two Thieves, Mr. J. H. Ryley and Mark Smith, never failed to win their lions' share of laughter and applause. Mr. Smith seems to have made himself a favorite in this town. The rest of the cast worthily sustained the harmony of the play. The music is noticed by Metronome in another column.

The Queen of the Plains is the name of a play by Ned Buntline which has been presented at the Toronto Opera House this week. The play is of the same order as the thrilling stories which Mr. Buntline contributed to the papers devoted to Western romance. These stories belong to the class of literature which is known across the sea as the "penny dreadfuls," and which on this continent has made the name of Beadle familiar to millions of readers. One does not look for a very high standard of literary excellence in these, and one does not get it, but in a rough state the germs of all romance are there—love and hate—and despite the many absurdities and incongruities in which these are implanted, they have a seductive influence which often allures the disdainful from their lofty perch, and makes them sometimes so far forget themselves as to become interested. The Queen of the Plains is but one of many. The Vigilantes kill the Queen's mother. The Queen vows vengeance, and the play is made up of her adventures in tracking down her mother's murderers. Finally there are but two left. She marries one and the other suicides.

Miss Kate Pursell plays the leading part, and physically she looks well able to exterminate any ordinary gang of White Caps. She must stand six feet in her stockings, for she towers over any man in her company, and she is built proportionately. In masculine garb, which she finds it necessary to assume frequently in her adventures, her height, together with the massiveness of figure and limb, give her the appearance of a man who is not to be trifled with. Miss Pursell in breeches is a decided improvement on the average woman in masculine garb. She is also a better actress than the majority of stars in plays of this kind and her portrayal of the role of Jane Grayling with many allusions to rather interesting of its kind. The variety business introduced was highly appreciated by the large audiences which have attended this play all week.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Wilson Barrett's son is playing small parts in one of the London theaters under an assumed name. He is probably induced to do this in the fear that people might otherwise mistake him for his father.

Mr. Richard Mansfield has evidently made up his mind that he can make more money in America than he can in Europe; for he announces his return to America for a thirty weeks' tour, commencing on November 11.

Billy Birch, the well-known minstrel performer, had a fairly good house at his benefit in New York a few weeks ago, but owing to the collision with the Press Club, which also took a benefit on the same day, the Fourteenth Street theater was not by means full. The Elks sent Mr. Birch $150, and some others who remembered him in the palmy days of the San Francisco Minstrels helped to swell the receipts by kindly donations. The performance was excellent in every respect. Billy Birch would be an acquisition to any first-class darkey show, for no one can portray the real old nigger "afo de wah" as he can.

Victoria Vokes announces her return to this country; and it is said that her sister, Rosina, is in no way pleased at the announcement. Putting every other consideration aside, it is only natural that Rosina should be somewhat provoked at the possible rivalry that will ensue; but it must be taken into consideration that, until quite recently, the American people knew more of Victoria Vokes than they did of her successful and clever sister. In England, Victoria Vokes had always been considered the brightest member of the Vokes family; and, inasmuch as she intends to surround herself with excellent people, somewhat after the order of the existing Vokes company, her success is assured beforehand. Singular, is it not, the ups and downs of the Vokes? Some years ago, when Fred Vokes and his sisters, Victoria and Jessie, came to America, they made an absolute failure. And, it will be remembered that it was the toss of a penny that brought Rosina's success. It would be odd if Victoria should come over here now and make the same success that her sister has.

Reminiscences of Mary Anderson's early career are now in order. The New York *Sun* favored us with some interesting events connected with her professional start. Among other things we learn that she chewed molasses candy on the stage when playing Parthenia, and that one night her teeth were stuck together, and they had to ring down the curtain. On another occasion, when playing Romeo and Juliet with Mr. Plympton, she said: "Oh, cut the balcony scene: Let us come to the Potion!" and actually wanted it left out, because, she said, "it was so gol durned sickening." These stories will recall her debut in New York in the Lady of Lyons, when she wore a Kentucky ball dress with a sixteen-yard train, and when she swept round the small stage of the Fifth Avenue, every member of the dramatis personæ had to make a jump over the train, and the general effect upon the audience was that of a walking match, or a rat bait. When she made her exit, the train continued to disappear at the wing for five minutes, with much swish and rustle; and, finally, the audience saw a stalwart pair of arms reach out and gather up the last two yards and carry them off. Mary has outgrown all this now, and has learned the æsthetic lesson of the stage, which is: not to overdress, but to underdress.

Got The Quarter.

Dude (to chance acquaintance)—That shabby-looking fellow is making right for us. Bet he wants to borrow money. He, he! I'll get ahead of him. Please, sir, can't you lend me a quarter or a dime to get something to eat?

Shabby Fellow—Certainly. (hands out a quarter) Now, young man, if you are through begging of this gentleman I would like to speak to him. He is one of the depositors in my bank.

On Divers Strings

Homiculture.

For Saturday Night.

Suggested by a paper recently read before the British Association urging the establishment of this new "cult" as the only certain means for the improvement of the genus Homo.

This latest science of the schools
Is aimed at curing human ills,
Unfolds a scheme and lays down rules
To make folks good e'en 'gainst their wills.

This science makes it clear as day
That some are good and some are bad,
Simply because they're "built that way,"
And owe it all to ma or dad.

Make perfect men with perfect wives,
A perfect world then we'll get
Of perfect people, perfect lives,
Most perfect plan discovered yet.

So homiculture rings the knell
Of earthly troubles great and small,
Makes a heaven of what is—well,
Not an ideal place at all.

Cynics may laugh the plan to scorn,
And raise objections not a few,
But, sure as night comes after morn,
Believed or not, the theory's true. HOMO.

Subjunctive Moods.

For Saturday Night.

The twilight's grey and pensive shade
Screens from our view the present,
And shows in spirit scene arrayed
Dream-pleasures evanescent.

Nay, deem it not in vain to muse
On what Time might have brought us,
Nor even the shadowy boon refuse
Which buried hopes have wrought us.

Lest, victims of a dull decay,
All sense of bliss forgetting,
What seem our own be left away,
The pleasures of regretting.

WILLIAM M. GILL.

Good-Bye.

It was no blessing that befell us, dear,
I will rejoice that you are strong
And let you go; and if a tear
Go too, it cannot hurt nor me nor you,
For we have fought and willed
The poor love to be killed.
We should be stronger for it, you and I,
It's over, love, Good-bye,
And left alone.

I fall to weeping
Questioning why
Love comes into my keeping
Only to die,
And making moan
Because it never comes,
My right, my own. EMMA V. SHERIDAN.

After Church.

Under lattice, arch and gable,
Up and down the Sunday street
Where the congregations meet,
Much I love to follow Mabel.

Much I love the sunlight glancing
On the ranks of new top hats,
And upon a figure that's
Close in front of me advancing.

From the columns of St. Peter,
From the arches of St. Mark,
One would say each city spark
Had run headlong here to meet her.

Can you count how many roses
She has fastened in her dress?
Of the beaux that 'round her press
You may count as many noses.

Each succeeding congregation's
Way does she in turn obstruct;
There should be a viaduct
Over Mabel on occasions.

All the new top hats are doffing,
All the bonnets toss again;
They are always tossing when
Mabel's sighted in the offing.

Yes, an easy first she still is,
Still the girl to make a stir.
Much I love to follow her—
And to walk, myself, with Phyllis.

THOMAS WHARTON, *in Puck.*

Roses and Orange Blossoms.

Tilting, tipping, on dainty toes,
A maiden climbs for a bright red rose;
Breaking away from the net's control,
Over her shoulders the ripe curls roll,
An indolent stranger sauntering by
Stands still to gaze with a startled eye;
And, oh! the blush on her cheek that glows
Hath shamed the hue of that poor wild-rose!
The bud that June discloses
July's hot breath will sere;
Then hey for hardy roses
That bloom the livelong year!

The last lone rose in the garden grieves,
Dropping to earth its scentless leaves,
And far and wide o'er the russet land
The yellow stocks of harvest stand.
But the blush on the maiden's cheek to-day
Is bright as the rose of the ripened May,
Though orange blossoms, faint and fair,
Entwine the sheen of her ripply hair,
The bud that June discloses
July's hot breath will sere;
Then hey for hardy roses
That bloom the livelong year!

Estrangement.

Dear, we have been so far apart
That seas have rolled between,
Yet every drop of blood
That visited thy heart
Made mine beat too,
And I was still with you,
So close, so close
That every thought of mine
Was thine.

We stand upon one soil to-night,
Our eyes rest on each other,
While I touch your hand
And hear the words you say.
Yet do we know, we are
Apart to-day more far
Than when, from shore to shore,
Love bound us, you and me,
Across the sea! E. V. S.

Noted People.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is expected to visit New York soon.

Rose Terry Cooke is said to be so much of an invalid that she has been compelled to lay aside her literary work.

Mrs. Cleveland has abjured the bang as well as the bustle, and brushes her hair straight up from her forehead.

Mark Twain does not expect a college degree this June, but he is looking forward to a high degree of discomfort in August.

A movement is on foot under the leadership of Mrs. Cyrus W. Field to establish a Sunday afternoon Bible-class for theatrical women.

The gossips now say that Secretary Whitney's wife will pass the coming summer abroad as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain.

Miss Mary Fuller, daughter of the U.S. Chief Justice, has studied music five years in Germany, and it is her ambition to be a professional musician.

Madame Patti-Nicolini says learning Romeo and Juliet in French, after being accustomed to Italian, was harder than learning two entirely new parts.

The Emperor of Russia, it is said, does not expect to live beyond his forty-sixth birthday which takes place on the 10th of March, 1890. The alleged reason for this belief in his early death is the prophecy of a gypsy.

Miss Pauncefote, the daughter of Lord Sackville's successor as British Minister to the United States, is a beautiful young woman of 25. She is said to possess more of English reserve than Lord Sackville's daughters, but is a good rider, a graceful dancer, and popular wherever she goes.

The Empress of Austria will spend some time at Corfu to recuperate her strength. Those say about her it is sad to see what a change has beenwrought in her appearance during the last few weeks; and how the courageous spirit, which severe bodily suffering never wholly depressed, has now given way under mental anguish.

Ward McAllister, keeper of the keys of the upper crust society of New York, is described by the New York *Star* as "a lawyer without practice, a free luncher by instinct, and a dancer by occupation. His sole distinction is as a professional leader of the german, and his income is chiefly derived from his connection with balls and their patrons."

Mrs. Henry Villard, the wife of the famous German-American financier, is the only daughter of William Lloyd Garrison. Mrs. Villard, although not more than forty-five years of age, has a son at Harvard and a daughter just ready to make her first bow in society. All the Villard family are musical, not only the sons and daughters, but the financier himself, who pulls the bow across the 'cello strings with no little ability. The daughter plays the violin.

Mrs. Mona Caird, whose article on Is Marriage a Failure, gave rise to so much discussion, has written a book entitled Under the Wing of Azrael, which it is said will be much talked about. The author disclaims any polemical tendency in the book, but her dominant conception—that of loveless marriage as a form of monogamous prostitution—colors the story throughout. The novel abounds in tragic situations, which culminate, as may be guessed from the title, in a crowning disaster.

Ye bashful maidens of sixteen. Pin your faith, henceforth, on palmistry and thought-reading, for there is much in them. Twelve months ago Miss Dallas Yorke, who will be married to the Duke of Portland in June, had never seen a live duke, much less conversed with such a high dignity. Visiting the Devil's Dyke, Brighton, one of the gypsy tribe, after the necessary palm greasing, insisted on telling her fortune. The old crone made several good shots, but the last bit of prophecy was startling indeed: "One word more, fair lady, you will marry a duke!"

The little King of Spain took part this year in the Carnival, and his tiny Majesty was to be seen capering with delight on the Palace balcony, especially when a car constructed to represent the steamship Progreso drew up in front of the Palace, and the crew sang a chorus in his honor, accompanied by guitars. The little Monarch is growing very intelligent, and of late his health has been less delicate, though it still requires the greatest care. The Regent takes a vast amount of pains with his small manners, and does not allow him to be flattered by the attendants into rude or spoilt behavior.

It is rumored that Whitelaw Reid will not remain long abroad as the American Minister to France, but will resign in about a year and return to New York. Mr. Reid, as is well known, fully expected to be appointed to the Court of St. James, and it is said that he would not, under any circumstances, accept the French mission, if not for the fact that he wishes neither to offend the new administration, nor to exhibit his chagrin by declining. Of course the French mission is not the diplomatic prize that it was in the days of the Empire, and is at best, in these Republican times, but a doubtful compliment.

Modern Society says: "It was a pity in many respects that the Marquis of Lorne and his royal consort could not have been provided with a governorship of some sort in India, as this might have given the rather unsettled couple a footing for a time. When right away from his two elder brothers-in-law, the marquis can hold up his head with anybody, and could well be mistaken for a genuine prince of the blood by half the dusky subjects of the Queen-Empress. The fair Louise did not like Canada because the cold made her neuralgia worse, and besides that, the Canadian ladies showed a squeamish objection to catching cold themselves, and would not uncover their necks in proper style as Her Royal Highness did. Naturally enough, the Lady of Lorne wished to get away from such an unaccommodating region. The warmth of India's coral strand might just have suited the princess, and made her happy and comfortable. True, the Begums and Ranees who called upon her would not expect to conform to court usage all at once, and exhibit their necks and arms to a number of strange unbelievers, but there is room for hope in Indian garb."

Mrs. James T. Fields, widow of the late well-known publisher and writer of verse, might be styled, if not strictly a Boston writer, "a contributor to literature." She has written several interesting poems for the columns of the magazines and prose sketches for newspapers. Her pleasant home is full of art and bric-a-brac collected by Mr. Fields and herself during their many trips to Europe. The garden in the rear of the house extends to the waters of the Back Bay, upon which I cannot say that

The stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill—

but tiny crafts, tugboats, numerous small vessels and Indian canoes may always be seen before the cold weather of a Boston winter sets in, while the Old Wooden Bridge which Longfellow sung of is in full sight from the windows which overlook the garden and distant hills. Mrs. Fields is much given to kindly deeds of charity. She has founded several fivecent coffee rooms, where the poor can refresh and warm themselves in bitter weather. Miss Sarah Orne Jewett is an intimate friend of Mrs. Fields, and passes much of her time in this pleasant home. It is said several of Miss Jewett's charming stories were written in Mrs. Fields' little garden.

My Daughter.

For Saturday Night.

When first her hands were held to me,
My bosom swelled with honest glee,
My little one with form so wee,
My daughter.

But this was many years ago,
She's getting big is little Flo,
In fact she's looking for a beau,
My daughter.

Her hands to me she holds out still,
But now, alas, it is to fill
With many a crisp five dollar bill,
My daughter. L. M.

Trinity Talk.

Nearly all the students are now reposing in the bosoms of their families and silence reigns supreme in the deserted halls save when they echo to the footfall of one of the few denizens who are left.

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Those who will inhabit the residence during the Easter vacation are Messrs. H. J. Leake, B.A., J. Grayson Smith, J. Carter Troop, F. B. Howden, and V. Price. The latter gentleman has not yet recovered from the severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism which has nailed him to his bed for the past three weeks.

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The Trinity term begins on Saturday, April 27, when the student will return and industriously meditate on the approaching exams., while for amusement he will exercise himself in one of the various sports which hold sway during the summer term at Trinity.

Rev. Professor Clark will conduct a week of mission services at Grace Church, Detroit, during the week commencing with Palm Sunday.

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It is thought that some ghostly visitant must favor the college occasionally with his presence, for of late several events have happened of a decidedly spirituous nature. The chapel bell has been heard to ring forth its tones from the central dome of the building at unearthly hours. On examination it was found that all access to the rope had been carefully padlocked and barred by a vigilant steward, but still that bell would peal. So, too, one evening one of Trinity's most popular "dons" on returning to his sitting-room found his easy-chair occupied by a skeleton attired in the professor's academic cap, with a favorite meerschaum, his legs stretched out before the warming blaze of the professional hearth—a picture of comfort and ease. It appears that the Don's visitor was the same skeleton that does duty at the Ambulance lectures in Convocation Hall, and that it had strayed up to seek the comfort of the cosy quarters of the "Don," by whom he was, however, very coldly received.

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One of the jolliest evenings that the Trinity men have spent for many a day was the occasion of the reading of Episcopon, that epitome of student jest and satire. The earlier part of the evening was graced by a supper, provided by the freshmen, whose customary honor it has been so to do. This number of Father Episcopon was especially good, and peal followed peal of laughter as the scribe read hit upon hit at the expense of the expectant auditors. The Reporter's column was admirable and the exquisite humor that pervaded it was fully appreciated by the students. There were "blatuses" (as the scribe described them) during the reading, which were pleasantly occupied with songs and choruses. Besides the undergraduates, there were several graduates present who enjoyed Episcopon as much as ever.

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I believe Dr. Temple's lecture on Friday after noon, April 12, has been causing quite a flutter among the ladies who usually attend this course. Considerable interest and curiosity have been aroused as to what the talented doctor will say on the question of society and dress in relation to woman's health. I believe the lecturer will make some very plain remarks on certain fashions at present in vogue, and that among other things the bustle will come under his strictures. He will also oppose the "coming out" of girls at an early age, a fertile cause of disease and illness to the fair sex. Dr. Ryerson will lecture on Monday afternoon next on a subject which he understands so well, viz., Eyesight.

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In listening to instruction on medical questions, which are of common occurrence, there is something that seems especially attractive to the ladies. The alleviation of pain and suffering has always been one o' woman's noblest instincts; and anything that throws light on the healing art within her reach, is sure to attract her. This has probably been the reason why the course of Ambulance lectures at Trinity has been so popular with the fair sex. Every Monday afternoon has seen them wending their way to Convocation Hall, accompanied by their note-books and pencils. It was a pleasant surprise to the student who had expected an audience of matrons and blue-stockings, to see whole bevies of the prettiest girls in Toronto gracing the lecture hall. The lectures have all been exceedingly useful and interesting, and have been listened to most attentively by the fair hearers. Dr. O'Reilly delivered the lecture on Monday afternoon last, taking as his subject Poisons and Disinfectants. While everything he said was instructive, the lecturer kept the audience in a continual ripple of merriment by his amusing experiences and anecdotes. Listening to lectures of this kind is assuredly an excellent occupation for Lenten afternoons, and great credit is due to Mrs. Body for having originated them. Afternoon tea at the Lodge has formed a pleasant conclusion to the discourses of the eminent doctors. Among those who have been regular attendants at the lectures are: Mrs. Body, Miss Strachan, Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Mrs. Totten, the Misses Boulton, Mrs. and the Misses Beatty, the Misses Brough, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Miss Robinson, Mrs. Spragge, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Riordon, Miss Bunting, Miss Patteson, Miss Cartwright, Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. Gamble, Mrs. and Miss Ridout, Mrs. and the Misses Osler, Miss Grier and young ladies, Miss Hagarty, Miss Monk, Mrs. Cayley, Mrs. O'Reilly, Miss Willats, Mrs. Fleming, Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. and Miss Ince, Mrs. Ingles, Miss Gregory, Miss Manning, Mrs. and Miss Robarts, Mrs. Fitzgibbon. ENYX.

'Varsity Chat.

Our reading room is stocked with the whole range of contemporary periodical literature. Our sympathies are wide and we put everything—yes, *United Ireland*, chromo and all, on file, perusal not being guaranteed. The stuff accumulates of course, and towards the close of the year it becomes the duty of the house committee to do something. In accordance with the usual custom the sale took place last week, when a full line of choice and tattered English was offered to a poor and sarcastic public C. O. D. The meeting opened at 10.15 a.m., our brand-new curator in the chair.

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Last year the gentleman who explained the merits of the goods to our complete mystification was Mr. Gordon Waldron, now, I believe, looking for a law firm without a head; this year a sweeter voice monotonized in appeals for higher bids, and the result is that the Society is over five dollars ahead. So much for the new committee.

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The professor of political science wandered in to hang on the accents of his handsome, (so say the ladies) disciple and buy *Punch*, which he says is sold as a comic paper in England. There seemed to be no money in the crowd when the *Globe* was put up, but *Grip* found a purchaser I think. And now the patient tables are at rest.

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The registrar's notice tells us that applications for examination must be in this week. This is the first official reminder of the time of year. But reminders are not at all necessary. They have an irony of their own.

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I was out watching the ball team at practice the other day. The professional coach was on the field, giving quiet and valuable advice. Prof. Ashley was behind the umpire, dodging foul tips like a native. I didn't hear his name for the things. The professor is winning all hearts by his interest in our university life. We like him. In fact, no professor has yet learned so much about us in so short a time. He has been elected president of the cricket club, and we shall try not to make him ashamed of us. Look out for squalls, Trinity!

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It is too early to expect much first-class work on the part of the ball team, but practice will henceforth be steady and earnest. Mr. Schultz is already able to puzzle the batter, especially Mr. Joe Wright who retired to think on the fortieth strike.

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I watched Mr. Fred Hodgins, B. A., of Wycliffe, the energetic manager of the tour, strike a pitcher's attitude and send in balls which Mr. Geo. McClean did not care whether he caught or not. Mr. Hodgins is a pitcher in everything but curve. He is worth $100 a month for his pose in the box alone. NEMO.

Among the Humorists.

Three years ago a bright young man came to New York with a wife and baby and a big Newfoundland dog. He was almost penniless, and for several days he visited one pawnbroker after another with the hope of pawning the dog. It sounds funny, and perhaps he laughed when he thinks of it now, but it was a serious matter then. He knew something of mechanical drawing, and he had seen human life in many places and under many conditions. He bethought himself of these two things, and carried half a dozen caricatures to the editor of a humorous weekly. The editor saw at a glance that the pictures were admirable in spirit but defective in drawing. The letter press accompanying them was extremely clever.

"We cannot put these pictures into the paper," said the editor, "but they can be redrawn by an artist and made suitable for our purposes. We'll pay you for the ideas and hereafter shall be glad to have suggestions for either drawings or jokes."

The draughtsman went away half in delight, half in disappointment. Now he earns $5,000 a year by the sale of "ideas." His pictures are never published as he draws them, though they contain delicate touches that the artist who "improves" them often misses, but his suggestions whether for drawings or jokes are never rejected.

Yes, even so intangible a thing as an idea has a saleable value in the market of comic journalism. Suggestions from whatever source are received and impartially judged. From $1.50 to $10 is paid for a mere suggestion that perhaps has no existence on paper. A young man summering at Bar Harbor was pleased with a witticism of his sweetheart. He sent it to *Life* and was surprised to see it appear with an accompanying cut on the first page. When all is said and done, however, it must be acknowledged that the mass of matter published by comic papers is the work of professional humorists. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the artists furnish the letter press which they illustrate. As a matter of fact, artists as a rule are not witty, and sometimes they must be watched closely lest they miss some delicate point in the humor they are employed to represent pictorially. Probably no cartoonist originates a very large proportion of the ideas which he illustrates.

The suggestions come from the editors, from professional idea peddlers and occasionally from volunteer strangers. Eugene S. Blabee, who has just been engaged to run the funny page of the *World*, and who has long been known as a suggester of cartoons, has illustrated only a small percentage of his own suggestions.

J. L. Goodwin, one of the most successful humorists in New York, never draws for actual publication; he suggests letterpress to fit pictures, pictures to fit letterpress, and sometimes both letterpress and picture, but a trained artist always intervenes between him and the public. A very considerable part of a humorist's work is suggesting the bits of conversation or what not to accompany the small pictures in the comic papers, and very hard work it is. Editors realize that the pictures are an important part of a humorous publication, and for this reason clever little sketches submitted by artists without letterpress are constantly accepted.

These pictures, that may represent anything from a single figure to a landscape or elaborate interior, are sent to a professional humorist for comic interpretation. Goodwin, who is specially apt at this work, has been known to dash off fitting letterpress within five minutes after receiving a picture. This, however, is exceptional, and the work is usually done by dint of laborious occupation. Welch used to tell of being called upon to furnish within an hour the letterpress for a picture that he had never seen before. To make matters worse, the picture was not for a regular humorous paper, but was designed to lighten the columns of an insurance paper. The joke was forthcoming, but Welch spent a sad hour in its manufacture.

Humorists and the editors of humorous papers are seldom like the popular conception of such. Welch, short, dark and solemn-eyed, could not have been redolent of fun even when in the best of physical health. Bill Nye's mouth is as grim as the door of a sepulcher. His perfectly bald head, great nose, gold-rimmed spectacles, and overgrown Adam's apple are just as they are pictured in his illustrated articles. Frank White, the editor of *Life*, looks like a combination of the amateur athlete and the man about town. Henry Gullup Paine, who passes upon the merits of would-be funny things sent to *Puck*, is a grave, well-dressed young man, who looks as if he might pass his days in Wall street. Taylor, who draws pretty women for *Puck*, is a tall, gaunt, grizzled man, who could pass unchallenged into a clerical conclave. Wolcott Balestier, the editor of *Time*, now abroad, is an idealist, with serious views of life and a decided literary bent.—*Denver Republican.*

The Reporter's Career.

The duty of an American reporter has been elevated into a condition of martyrdom by the enterprise of the New York press. The other day, a well known reporter in the Hoffman House was stabbed a bit of experience, which doubtless was exaggerated with the reporter's well known facility of language and force of imagination. He said that Mr. King had been sent by a daily newspaper to Florida, during the yellow fever epidemic, with instructions to get the yellow fever and report it. He said that the reporter, with the bravery of his class, immediately accepted the mission, went to Florida promptly, took the yellow fever, came near dying with it, and duly wrote it up. After his convalescence, he returned to New York, somewhat enfeebled in health, and wrecked in spirits, and reported to the city editor of his paper, who immediately assigned him to do a band of Bohemian Gypsies then encamped somewhere back of Weehawken. The instructions were like this:

"You are to go to Weehawken, disguised as a Gypsy, live with these people, sleep under hedges, eat stewed dog, become vermin infested, and thus learn the inside of the life of a curious people, which you are to write up for the paper. It is understood that you take your life in your hand, and that you will probably die in the noble endeavor; but, of course, that is part of a reporter's risk. If you do not wish to undertake the mission, there are plenty of men here who will, and you understand that a reporter is estimated mainly by the risks he runs."

While the truth of this story may be doubted, there is in it a certain satirical sarcasm that points to the general unfeeling character of daily journalism. The enterprise of a great newspaper absorbs the talent, the ambition, the heroism and the pluck of all the young men who drift into its ranks. It employs them, it exhausts them, it sucks them dry and it leaves them wrecked in its wake. It is only once in a hundred experiences that your young man, as a reporter, makes that kind of a pronounced hit which gives him any personal renown or reputation. As a rule, his enterprise, his risks and his labors go into the general fund of the paper, which is built up and carried on at his sacrifice.

Mdlle. Loisinger.

The portrait of Fraulein Loisinger, or the Countess of Hartnau, as the lady whom Prince Alexander of Battenberg has married will be styled, is of interest to every woman who has a grain of sentiment in her nature. The story of the marriage is like a leaf torn from a romance of the old school. Hitherto this affair, so important in the social and diplomatic worlds, has been wrapped in mystery. The plain truth is simply this. For nearly two months Madame and Mademoiselle Loisinger have been staying at Mentone. They lived a very quiet, retired life in a modest little hotel, and the rumor went that the young lady, who was a singer in a Darmstadt theater, had broken down with hard work, and had come with her mother to recuperate. Mdlle. Loisinger is a handsome girl of fair complexion and almost queenly demeanor, quite good-looking enough to attract suitors, even if there were no exalted personage in the lists. At the end of January a fine-looking man arrived at the little hotel and registered as M. Ernst, cambric manufacturer from Heidelberg. Traveling without a servant, and the house being full of guests, the new arrival had to content himself with an attic room. He dined at the *table d'hote*, chatted familiarly with all comers, and his only amusement was the taking of long walks in the solitary valleys, accompanied by the pretty actress.

The acquaintances of M. Ernst chaffed him now and then about his remarkable likeness to Prince Battenberg, giving the cambric merchant, however, the palm of beauty over the Prince. They were surprised, nevertheless, to hear Herr Muller, formerly Russian Consul at Darmstadt, call the big man "Your Highness," and seeing that he waited on M. Ernst most respectfully and assiduously. But it passed for a good joke. One occurrence startled the gossips, however. M. Ernst one day entered the young lady's room without knocking while she was receiving her friends, and hearing Herr Muller relate the sad story of the death of the Archduke Rudolph, he dropped into an arm chair trembling convulsively, and could not utter a word for some minutes.

A little distance from Mentone stands a pretty village church which is a favorite goal for excursion parties among the winter residents of Mentone. On February 5 there was celebrated the union of M. Ernst, alias Count Hartenau, alias Prince Alexander of Battenberg, and Mlle. Loisinger, prima donna of the Darmstadt Theater, and daughter of the Austrian Field Marshal Sigmirin's *valet-de-chambre*. The ex Consul Muller, his wife, and two intimate friends, accompanied the fair bride, who hid her white robe under a large black velvet cloak. After the ceremony the happy pair left for Milan, leaving Mme. Loisinger behind in Mentone to follow in a few days. These are the real facts of this mysterious wedding, which was communicated to a reliable authority by one of the bridal party. The marriage was not followed by that civil contract, without which in Italy as in France no merely religious ceremony is binding. It is now understood that so great has been the family influence subsequently brought to bear that the civil contract will not be made, and that the marriage will consequently remain void.

A Kentucky Story.

One Kentucky gentleman meets another Kentucky gentleman, and they address one another with that solemn earnestness which is characteristic of southern high life:

"Good morning, sah! Hope you are well, sah! What have you been hah'ntin' lately?

"I have just come f'om the coat house, sah; Sen'toh Blackbuhn has been making a speech—the finest speech I have heard since the wah. He is a bawn awter, sah—a bawn awter!"

"Excuse me, sah, but what do you mean by 'a bawn awter?'"

"A bawn awter! Don't you know what a bawn awter is? Why, sah, you and I would say, 'two and two make fo',' but a bawn awter wouldn't say that; a bawn awter would say, 'when, in the coase of human events, it becomes nec'sa' or expedient to coalesce two integers with two other integers, the result—I declare it boldly and without fesh or favah—the result, by a simple arithmetical calculation called addition, is fo'!' That's a bawn awter, sah."

Choosing the Name.

"My dear, I have been reading up within the past week, and I think I have a name for the baby," said Mrs. Greening one day.

"You have, eh! What is it?"

"I read that Phœbus, the God of Day, comes up bright and beautiful in the morning; that he lights the world; that without him—"

"Now, look here, madam; let's have no foolishness here. You can't call that child by any such name. Did Phœbus of history rise from eleven p.m. to three a.m., and intermittently from three to seven o'clock? I myself am doing the god-of-day business as a matter of getting up, and I'm not going to divide the honors. If you want a mythological cognomen for that destroyer of rest, I have it."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Greening, with considerable asperity.

"Aurora!" brutally yelled Elisha. Then he left the house.

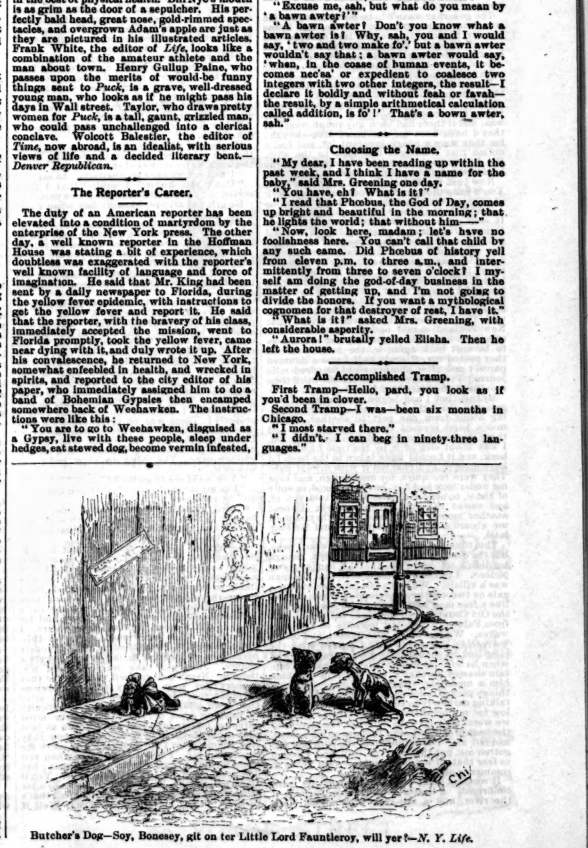
An Accomplished Tramp.

First Tramp—Hello, pard, you look as if you'd been in clover.

Second Tramp—I was—been six months in Chicago.

"I most starved there."

"I didn't. I can beg in ninety-three languages."



Butcher's Dog—Soy, Bonesey, git on ter Little Lord Fauntleroy, will yer?—*N. Y. Life.*

SECOND HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

MY FRIEND THE MURDERER.

I don't rightly remember what happened just at that moment. The furniture and me seemed to get kind of mixed, and there was cursing, and smashing, and some one shouting for his gold, and a general stamp round. When I got steadied a bit, I found somebody's hand in my mouth. From what I gathered afterwards, I conclude that it belonged to that same little man with the vicious way of talking. He got some of it out again, but that was because the others were choking me. A poor chap can get no fair play in this world when once he is down

Still I think he will remember me till the day of his death—longer I hope.

They dragged me out into the poop and held a court-martial—on me, mind you; me, that had thrown over my pals in order to serve them. What were they to do with me? Some said this, some said that, but it ended by the captain deciding to send me ashore. The ship stopped, they lowered a boat, and I was hoisted in, the whole gang of them hooting at me from over the bulwarks. I saw the man I spoke of tying up his hand, though, and I felt that things might be worse.

I changed my opinion before we got to the land. I had reckoned on the shore being deserted, and that I might make my way inland, but the ship had stopped too near the Heads, and a dozen beach-combers and suchlike had come down to the water's edge, and were starting at us, wondering what the boat was after. When we got to the edge of the surf the cox'n swain hailed them, and after singing out who I was, he and his men threw me into the water. You may well look surprised—neck and crop into ten feet of water, with flocks as thick as green parrots in the bush, and I heard them laughing as I floundered to the shore.

I soon saw it was a worse job than ever. As I came scrambling out through the weeds, I was collared by a big chap with a velveteen coat, and half a dozen others popped out and held me fast. Most of them looked simple fellows enough, and I was not afraid of them; but there was one in a cabbage-tree hat that had a very nasty expression on his face, and the big man seemed to be chummy with him.

They dragged me up the beach, and then they let go their hold of me and stood round in a circle.

"Well, mate," says the man with the hat, "we've been looking out for you for some time in these parts."

"And very good of you, too," I answers.

"None of your jaw," says he. "Come, boys, what shall it be—hanging, drowning, or shooting? Look sharp!"

This looked a bit too like business. "No you don't!" I said. "I've got government protection, and it'll be murder."

"That's what they call it," answered the one in the velveteen coat, as cheery as a piping crow.

"And you're going to murder me for being a ranger!"

"Ranger be damned!" said the man. "We're going to hang you for peaching against your pals, and that's an end of the palaver."

They slung a rope round my neck and dragged me up to the edge of the bush. There were some big she oaks and blue gums, and they pitched on one of them as the most stunted dead. They ran the rope over a branch, tied my hands, and told me to say my prayers. It seemed as if it was all up, but Providence interfered to some nice. It sounds mean, sitting here and telling about it, sir, but it was sick work to stand with nothing but the yellow beach in front of you, and the bush at your back, and with the steamer in the distance, and a set of bloody-minded villains round you thirsting for your life.

I never thought I'd owe anything good to the police; but they saved me that time. A troop of them were riding down the Nowra Road Station to Dunedin, and hearing that something was up, they came down through the bush, and interrupted the proceedings. I've heard some hands in my time, doctor, but I never heard music like the jingle of those troop spurs and harness as they galloped out into the open. They tried to hang me even then, but the police were too quick for them, and the man with the hat got one over the head with the flat of a sword. I was clapped upon a horse, and before evening I found myself in my old quarters in gaol.

The governor wasn't to be done, though. He was determined to get rid of me, and I was equally anxious to see the last of him. He waited a week or so until the excitement had began to die away, and then he smuggled me aboard a three-masted schooner bound to Sydney with tallow and hides.

We got fair away to sea without a hitch, and things began to be a bit more rosy. I made sure that I had seen the last of the prison, anyway. The crew had a sort of an idea who I was, and if there was any rough weather, they'd have hove me overboard like enough; for they were a rough ignorant lot, and had a notion that I brought bad luck to the ship. We had a good passage, however, and I was landed safe and sound upon Sydney Quay.

Now just listen to what happened next. You'd have thought they would have been sick of ill-using me and following me by this time—wouldn't you, now? Well, just you listen. It seems that a cursed steamer started from Dunedin to Sydney on the very day we left, and got in before us, bringing news that I was coming. Passed if they didn't! There was fine fuss—a regular mass meeting—at the docks to discuss about it, and I marched right into it when I landed. They didn't take long about arresting me, and I listened to all the speeches and resolutions. If I'd been a prince there couldn't have been more excitement. The end of it all was they agreed that it wasn't right that New Zealand should be allowed to foist her criminals upon her neighbors, and that I was to be sent back again by the next boat. So they posted me off again as if I was a damned parcel; and after another eight hundred mile journey I found myself back for the third time moving in the place that I started from.

By this time I had begun to think that I was going to spend the rest of my existence travelling about from one port to another. Every man's hand seemed turned against me, and there was no peace or quiet in any direction. I was about sick of it, and I felt that I had come back, and if I could have taken to the bush I'd have done it, and chanced it with my old pals. They were too quick for me, however, and kept me under lock and key, but I managed, in spite of them, to negotiate that *cache* I told you of, and sewed the gold up in my belt. I spent another month in jail, and then they slipped me aboard a barque that was bound for England.

This time the crew never knew who I was, but the captain had a pretty good idea, though he didn't let on to me that he had any suspicions. I guessed from the first that the man was a villain. We had a fair passage, except a gale or two off the Cape, and I began to feel like a free man when I saw the blue hazes of the Old Country, and the saucy little pilot-boat from Falmouth dancing towards us over the waves. We ran down the Channel, and before we reached Gravesend I had agreed with the pilot that he should take me ashore with him when he left. It was at this time that the captain showed me that I was a fool in thinking him a meddling, disagreeable man. I got my things packed, such as they were, and left him talking earnestly to the pilot, while I went below for my breakfast. When I came up again we were fairly into the mouth of the river, and the boat in which I was to have gone ashore, had left us. The skipper said the pilot had forgotten me, but that was too thin, and I began to fear that all my old troubles were going to commence once more.

It was not long before my suspicions were confirmed. A boat darted out from the side of the river, and a tall cove with a long black beard came aboard. I heard him ask the mate whether they didn't need a mud pilot to take saw him up the reaches, but it seemed to me that he was a man who would know a deal more about handcuffs than he did about steering, so I kept away from him. He came across the deck, however, and made some remark to me, taking a good look at me the while. I don't like inquisitive people at any time, but an inquisitive stranger with plenty of time on his hands is the worst of all to stand, especially under the circumstances. I began to feel that it was time for me to go.

I soon got a chance, and made good use of it. A big collier came athwart the bows of our steamer, and we had to shorten down to dead slow. There was a barge astern, and I slipped down by a rope and was into the barge before any one had missed me. Of course I had to leave my luggage behind me, but I had the belt with the nuggets round my waist, and the chance of shaking the police off my track was worth more than a couple of boxes. It was clear to me now that the pilot had been a traitor, as well as the captain, and had set the detectives after me. I often wish I could drop across those two men again.

I hung about the barge all day, as she drifted down the stream. There was one man in her, but she was a big ugly craft, and the hands were too full for much looking about. Towards evening when it got a bit dusky, I struck out for the shore, and found myself in a sort of marsh place, a good many miles to the east of London. I was soaking wet and half dead with hunger, but I trudged into the town, got a new rig out at a slop shop, and after having a good supper, engaged a bed at the quietest lodgings I could find.

I woke pretty early—a habit you pick up in the bush—and lucky for me that I did so. The very first thing that I saw when I took a look through a chink in the shutter, was one of these infernal policemen standing right opposite, and staring up at the windows. He hadn't spandered nor a word, like our traps, but for all that there was a sort of family likeness, and the same busybody expression. Whether they'd followed me all the time, or whether the woman that let me the lodgings didn't like the looks of me, is more than I have ever been able to find out. He came across as I was watching him, and noted down the address of the house in a book. I was afraid that he was going to ring at the bell, but I suppose his orders were simply to keep an eye on me, for after another good look at the windows he moved on down the street.

I saw that my only chance was to act at once. I threw on my clothes, opened the window softly, and after making sure that there was nobody about, dropped out on to the ground and made off as hard as I could run. I traveled a matter of two or three miles, when my wind gave out; and as I saw a big building with people going in and out, I went in, too, and found that it was a railway station. A train was going off for Dover to meet the French boat, so I took a ticket and jumped into a third-class carriage. There were a couple of other chaps in the carriage, innocent-looking young beggars, both of them. They began speaking about this and that, while I sat quiet in the corner and listened. Then they started on England and foreign countries, and suchlike. Look ye now, doctor, this is a fact. One of them begin jawing about the justice of England's laws. "It's all fair and shorebound," says he; "there ain't no secret police, nor spying, like they have abroad," and a lot more of the same sort of wash. Rather rough on me, wasn't it, listening to the damed young fool, with the police following me about like my shadow?

I got to Paris right enough, and there I changed some of my gold, and for few days I imagined I'd shacken them off, and began to think of settling down for a bit of a rest. I needed it by that time, for I was looking more like a ghost than a man. You've never had the police after you, I suppose? Well, you needn't look offended, I didn't mean any harm. If ever you had you'd know that it wastes a man away like a sheep with the rot.

I went to the opera one night and took a box, for I was very flush. I was coming out between the acts when I met a fellow lounging along in the passage. The light fell on his face, and I saw that it was the mud-pilot that had boarded us in the Thames. He was gone, but I recognized the man at a glance, for I've a good memory for faces.

I tell you, doctor, I felt desperate for a moment. I could have knifed him if we had been alone, but he knew me well enough never to give me the chance. It was more than I could stand any longer, so I went right up to him and drew him aside, where we'd be free from all the loungers and theater-goers.

"How long are you going to keep it up?" I asked him.

He seemed a bit flustered for a moment, but though he saw there was no use beating about the bush, so he answered straight:

"Until you go back to Australia," he said.

"Then you know?" I said, "that I have served the government and got a free pardon?"

He grinned all over his ugly face when I said this.

"We know all about you, Maloney," he answered. "If you want a quiet life, just you go back where you came from. If you stay here, you're marked man, and when you are found tripping it'll be a lifer for you, at the least. Free-trade's a fine thing, but the market's too full of men like you for us to need to import any!"

It seemed to me that there was something in what he said, though he had a nasty way of putting it. For some days back I'd been feeling a sort of home-sick. The ways of the people weren't my ways. They stared at me in the street; and if I dropped into a bar, they'd stop talking and edge away a bit, as if I was a wild beast. I'd sooner have had a pint of old Stringy-bark, too, than a bucketful of their rotgut liquors. There was too much damned propriety. What was the use of having money if you couldn't dress as you liked, nor bust it properly? There was no sympathy for a man if he shot about a little when he was half-over. I've seen a man drop at Nelson many a time with more row than they'd make over a broken window-pane. The thing was slow, and I was sick of it.

"You want me to go back?"

"I've my orders to stick fast to you until you do," he answered.

"Well," I said, "I don't care if I do. All I bargain is that your keep you mouth shut, and don't let on who I am, so that I may have a fair start when I get there."

He agreed to this, and we went over to Southampton together the very next day, where he saw me safely off once more. I took passage next time to Adelaide, as being most likely to know me; and there I settled, right under the nose of the police. I've been there ever since, and I've made a quiet life, but for little difficulties like the one I'm in for now, and for that devil Tattooed Tom of Hawkesbury. I don't know what made me tell you all this, doctor, unless it is that being kind of lonely makes a man inclined to jaw when he gets a chance. Just you take warning from me, though. Never put yourself out to serve your country; for your country will do precious little for you. Just you let them look after their own affairs; and if they find a difficulty in hanging a set of scoundrels, never mind chipping in, but let them alone to do as best they can. Maybe they'll remember how they treated me after I am dead, and be sorry for neglecting me. I was rude to you when you came in, and swore a trifle promiscuous; but don't you mind me, it's only my way. You'll allow me, though, that I have cause to be a bit touchy now and again when I think of all that's passed. You're not going, are you? Well, if you must, you must; but I hope you will look me up at odd times when you are going your round. O, I say, you've left the balance of that cake of tobacco behind you, haven't you? No, it's in your pocket—that's all right. Thank ye, doctor, you're a good sort, and as quick at a hint as any man I've met.

A couple of months after narrating his experiences, Wolf Tone Maloney finished his term, and was released. For a long time I neither saw him nor heard of him; and he faded almost slipped from my memory, until I was reminded, in a somewhat tragic manner, of his existence. I had been attending a patient some miles off in the country, and was riding back, guiding my tired horse among the boulders which strewed the pathway, and endeavoring to see my way through the gathering darkness, when I came suddenly upon a little wayside inn. As I walked my horse up towards the door, intending to make sure of my bearings from a proceeding further, I heard the sound of a violent altercation within the little bar. There seemed to be a chorus of expostulation or remonstrance, above which two powerful voices rang out loud and angry. As I listened, there was a momentary hush, two pistol shots sounded almost simultaneously, and, with a crash, the door burst open, and a pair of dark figures staggered out into the moonlight. They struggled for a moment in a deadly wrestle, and then went down together among the loose stones. I had sprung off my horse, and, with the help of half a dozen rough fellows from the bar, dragged them away from one another.

A glance was sufficient to convince me that one of them was dying fast. He was a thickset burly fellow, with a determined cast of countenance. The blood was welling from a deep stab in his throat, and it was evident that an important arteryhad been divided. I turned away from him in despair, and walked over to where his antagonist was lying. He was shot through the lungs, but managed to raise himself upon his hand as I approached, and looked anxiously up into my face. To my surprise I saw before me the haggard features and flaxen hair of my quondam acquaintance, Maloney.

"Ah, doctor!" he said, recognizing me. "How is he? Will he die?"

He asked the question so earnestly that I imagined he had softened at the last moment, and feared to leave the world with another homicide upon his conscience. Truth, however, compelled me to make my hopeless reply, and to intimate the wound was a mortal one.

Maloney gave a wild cry of triumph, which brought the whole rabble out from the bar-room at his lips. "Here, boys," he gasped to the little group around him. "There's money in my inside pocket. Damn the expense! Drinks round. There's nothing mean about me. I'd drink with you, but I'm going. Give the doc my share, for he's as good——" Here his head fell back with a thud, his eye glazed, and the soul of Wolf Tone Maloney, forger, convict, ranger, murderer, and government peach, drifted away into the Great Unknown.

I cannot conclude without borrowing the account of the fatal quarrel, which appeared in the columns of the *West Australian Sentinel*. The curious will find it in the issue of the 4th of October, 1881:

"Fatal Affray:—W. T. Maloney, a well-known citizen of New Montrose, and proprietor of the Yellow Boy gambling saloon, has met with his death under rather painful circumstances. Mr. Maloney was a man who had led a chequered existence, and whose past history is replete with interest. Some of our readers may recollect the Lena Valley murders, in which he figured as the principal criminal. It is conjectured that, during the seven months that he owned a bar in that region, from twenty to thirty travelers were housed and made away with. He succeeded, however, in evading the vigilance of the officers of the law, and allied himself with the bushrangers of Wombat Gully, whose heroic capture and subsequent execution are matters of history. Maloney extricated himself from the fate which awaited him by turning Queen's evidence. He after wards visited Europe, but returned to West Australia, where he has long played a prominent part in local matters. On Friday evening he encountered an old enemy, Thomas Grimthorpe, commonly known as Tattooed Tom of Hawkesbury. Shots were exchanged, and both men were badly wounded, only surviving a few minutes. Mr. Maloney had the reputation of being, not only the most wholesale murderer that ever lived, but also of having a finish and attention to detail in matters of evidence, which has been unapproached by any European criminal. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

A Green-room Phantasy.

Tap, tap, tap.

"Entre!"

I push open a loose barn-like door and find my blonde friend attached to the handle on the inside, clad in a fine white *robe de chambre*, daintily trimmed in lace. Two long arms wind themselves almost twice about my neck, and a hearty resounding smack is planted on each cheek as I am half pulled, half pushed across the floor of the small unpainted, unpapered cobwebby-looking little cell which serves for an actor's dressing-room.

"How kind. I am so glad to see you—thinking of you to-day. Here—not much like home accommodations, are they? But this is only a green-room, you know, and anything is good enough for actors to dress in. Sit down, sit down. We can have a delish-us chat while I dress."

I am planted in an old arm-chair with a damaged cane seat, while my friend seats herself in one little better in front of a cracked dresser or stand backed by a long mirror of excellent quality, the only decent piece of furniture in the room.

Upon the table (!) stand paraphernalia *extraordinaire*—pots, jars, bottles, brushes, pencils, a copy of the morning paper and a huge pair of Jove's feet, foxy and long-haired and not over-fresh.

Crossing the folds of lace more securely across her white bosom and pulling the sleeves well up operations begin.

Agnio Fielding (Mrs. Butternut), Agnes Fielding, the leading star in a popular second-class, is a girl of splendid proportions, very tall, very pallid, with large mouth, sehen hair and immense, glorious eyes that anticipate every tint of her mood. Her face is long, and she has every day of thirty-five as she drops into the chair and, throwing both arms aloft, commences to rummage in the ashen locks with nimble fingers.

"What seems to be most necessary to a girl to get on the stage?"

Gilt hairpins drop like hail among the pots and jars and ashen locks drape the unpainted rungs of the old chair as with a shake of the head like a colt relieved of his bridle she repeats the words.

"To have been on the stage? There's the *dodge* about it. You must have acted somewhere. How on earth they expect you to enter a profession with a recommendation for having already been in it, is more than I know but there you are—Midge, heat the irons, won't you?"—this to a small black-eyed creature with clean collar and cuffs who is busy tearing off pieces about two inches square from a box of ordinary toilette paper and now lays them before her mistress.

The latter has been dampening her front bangs and neck-locks in perfume and now proceeds to wrap them up in the papers, tweaking them and pinching them into place as she pens emphatically at me under her raised left arm.

"Where have you acted? Amateur, professional, with Humpty Dumpty or a Shamboschek makes no difference. Have you paraded the boards, faced the footlights, felt and got over stage-fright, found your voice, elocution, bah! study, bah! feeling bah, bah all of it! 'Go off and act and come back and tell me of it!' There's what they all say. Bricks without straw! I should say so!"

The slender fingers here plunge into a white crock and come out laden with a creamy grease which the fair barbarian proceeds to smear all over her face with great unction, rubbing well in till all the greasy appearance has disappeared. They then dive into a handsome Japanese box, and fishing out a huge pompon of powder dash the contents all over the greased portions, rubbing and smoothing it carefully with a chamois skin—face, ears, neck, shoulders and arms—till she looks like a thoroughly whitewashed girl or a marble bust.

"Me?" with a look out of the hollow caverns in the ghastly surface that frightens me.

"Oh, dear me. I was a member of the 'Junebugs,' you know—acted at a benefit—manager saw me—here I am. Luck, all of it; luck, you see!"

"That'll do Midge," who here draws from the gas-jet a small implement like a black sugar tongs, and gripping each little papered roll of hair, squeezes it for a few seconds, thus accenting and accelerating the curling process which is taking place.

"No I don't like crimping-pins; I prefer paper."

Elocution! Ah, elocution is no help to acting except in giving boldness to appear before people. It teaches 'made gestures' and a way of talking to the audience instead of to members of the company.

"Struggle? Oh, it a terrible struggle when the salary is small. A terribly hard life, my dear, to anyone not furnished with a natural instinct for acting. To such all hardships are but as a lover's sickness to a lover.

"Those who succeed are the students. I always take up some line of reading or study while traveling. Speak French! *Ah, cer laisement, Il faut parler le Francais maintenant!*"

Here the points of two small fingers are dipped into a smaller pot and come out blushing very red. These are smartly rubbed together first then the color is transferred to the weird cheeks, brow, temple, lower cheek, not too close under the eyes, but surprisingly far back into the hair and ears.

Seizing one of the pedal appendages of the innocent hare (which doubtless never coursed over so charming a hunting-ground) she rubs and brushes tenderly, gently and with great caution every particle of the coloring till it gradually merges into a crimson glow of real beauty.

"Never on earth set a stitch for myself. Stage clothes are as expensive now as for the parlor. Would you believe that I have $25 a yard cut velvet and $15 a yard brocade in that pile?"

I glance at the line indicated by the roseate fingers and see a goodly line of silks, velvets, trains, delicate laces and passementeries just as might hang in the closet of an up-town belle.

"No, I leave shopping to my dressmaker, she gets samples and plans styles according to my suggestion of what I require."

"C-o-o-m-e!"

The house door is again opened and to my dismay the head of a man is thrust in, followed by two brown hands and two or three baskets of flowers.

"O, dear me, for the girls! This is the fifteenth night, and I am sending them all little tokens."

She jumped from her seat in apparent obliration of her condition, opening and dipping into and sniffing and examining the flowers and cards and finally dismisses the bearer on his errand of courtesy, all the while holding the dainty lace across her bosom, the hare's foot caught between finger and thumb.

Returning to her throne, in no wise disturbed by the little break, various manipulations take place. Lashes are curled upwards with little combs which blacken them, lids are darkened, brows arched and corners of eyes extended.

"Watch the half hour bell, Midge, and let me know."

"The most painful thing about acting? O my! first nights. We suffer intolerably first nights. In fact till after the relief of the second appearance the first night goes for nothing with me. Cold as ice; throat stringent—I do myself no sort of justice!"

In very truth the slender fingers which are now unrolling the curl papers fairly tremble at remembrance of this the actor's fear.

"Why? Oh, I don't tell. The critics—the horrible critics, angels or demons of our fate—are so easily influenced, so——"

"The half hour, ma'am," from Midge, as a sharp gong sounds in the hallway.

"Midge, get my breeches."

"Ah, my riding suit, you silly!" answering my cry of astonishment while she combs out the fleecy fluffs over her smooth white brow, the little rascals on the nape of her neck and loosens the great coil on top of her shapely head.

Then comes the final examination with the handglass and a series of final manipulations, during which the white hands fly about among the pots and pencils—after the fashion of a Swiss bell-ringer among his bells—till all is complete.

Then with the assistance of the maid the "breeches" are donned, the becoming habit of dark green cloth, the well-fitting jacket with Directoire lapel and buttons, tiny boots to the calf and gauntlets to the elbow, a great felt hat with waving plumes and dainty riding whip with dog-head and monogram—standing for the initials of the illustrious Butternut!

"I am about dying of dyspepsia to-night. What do you think of it? Look! Ah, dear me, half the sickness in the world would be abolished, if the same pressure of action were brought to bear upon all invalids!"

"Time!" calls a supe at the barn door.

A turn of the head, half nervousness, half defiance; a brilliant smile, a quick embrace and God-speed and my dear friend Mrs. Butternut of thirty-five passes out before my eyes—La Belle Agnio Fidelio—a blooming beauty of sixteen—*Jennie Edgar Thomas, in N. Y. Dramatic Mirror.*

A Woman of Passion's Superb Contempt.

Through a half-open door in the Hotel Arno the murmur of a low, musical voice floated into the hallway. The door opened into an elegant apartment decorated with rich drapery and bijouterie that gave the place an air of voluptuous refinement. Seated on a soft Turkish rug of luxurious squishiness a wraith figure sits; the face of exquisite sweetness, yet with an uncanny brilliancy about the eyes, is lit up by the fitful glow of the firelight. Upon the little hand rests a head whose good enmeshed tresses fall a glittering shower over a sculpturesque arm, and in the other is a dainty circular box with grooves of scrupulous exactness, through which brilliant colored globules wheel and circle in bewildering wantonness.

"My God," says the fair girl with a smothered sob—"I cannot do it—I cannot!"

She gives the dainty circular box a swift whirl, gazes at it with a look of intense determination, and drawing herself up to the height of her stature casts it from her into the fire as if it were a thing too low for her superb contempt. For an instant her face rests in her hands, then with trembling steps she propels her slender figure over to the nearest table, sits down and commences another red hot novel. It is Amelie Rives Chanler, and she has been trying to get the "Pigs in the Pen."

Something to Think About.

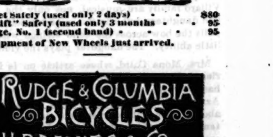
"No, Mr. Meredith, you must put away this madness. I can never, never be yours; there is an insurmountable obstacle."

"Do not say so! Tell me what this insurmountable obstacle is, love, that I may crush it as I would a worm in my path."

"It's a hubband in New York."

March in April.

Deacon Uptthar.—Hold on, Hanner, and we 'll take a snub to this hitching post; for when the dinged wind 'll blow a kyar 'long that way, it comes pretty nigh bein' a cyclone!—*Puck.*



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CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

There was another pause. Once more Lady Oldcastle obviously waited for her son to speak; once more he entirely declined to do so. Perforce she spoke herself.

"As I said just now, Duke, there is not much reason why we should waste each other's time in talking over this, particularly as I hope your mind is already made up. The facts of the case are very soon stated. Adela Nugent is a pretty, well-educated, well-bred, and amiable girl. You grant that?"

"Oh, certainly!"—quite promptly and readily, but a little too carelessly perhaps.

"And she has seventy thousand pounds."

"I rely upon you for that, mother."

"You are perfectly safe in doing so," Lady Oldcastle returned composedly; "there is no doubt or secret in the matter. She will have that sum from her uncle when she marries—of course, if she marries with his approval and consent. Possibly, probably indeed, a great deal more will follow at his death, as he is without children. To go on, you want money!"

"My dear mother, there's no need to make an inquisitory of that; you know my state it with all possible confidence. I've strained my tether about as far as it is possible to do it. By Jove, I sneaked out of Baden between dark and daylight, or I should have stopped there in pawn! There were no fewer than three confounded fellows after me, and fellows that wouldn't stand nonsense too!"

All this he said without any change in the expression of his handsome face, as easily, carelessly, and gaily as though the subject were the most trivial and unimportant possible. His mother's face clouded resentfully, angrily.

"You know," she said, "that that was no fault of mine. When I received your letter, I literally had not so many available shillings as you wanted pounds."

"Oh, I know that!" returned Duke lightly. "You couldn't, and Guy wouldn't. I suppose you really did ask him, and he really did refuse!"

"He utterly refused."

"He had done that to me before," he said tranquilly, with a laugh. "Indeed he sent back my letter in company with one which might have had unpleasant consequences had we chanced to meet before I cooled down. It was to him justice, that I believe he would hesitate to repeat every word of it to my face if the humor took him; but I thought that perhaps he might be a trifle more obliging to you. But he wasn't?"

"I have no influence over Guy," Lady Oldcastle said slowly. Every word dropped from her tongue lingeringly, bitterly. It would have struck almost any one as a terrible thing that a mother should thus speak of her son. It did not so strike Guy's brother. He had heard it almost from his babyhood, and he accepted the expression of his mother's hate as carelessly as he received the expression of her love; both were matters of course.

"Influence!" he echoed. "For that matter, I don't know any one that has. The fact remains, confound it!—that, hard up as I am, I may stay hard up or go to the dogs for all he cares, and before he'll disburse to help me out of the hole. To go back to what you said just now, mother. You said I wanted cash—by Jove, I do!—and you think the best way to get it is instantly to fall in love with Lady Adela. Well, after due consideration, I'm inclined to agree with you again."

"I am heartily glad to hear you say so, Duke!" A smile and flush of pleasure crossed Lady Oldcastle's handsome pale face. "My dear boy, it will be a most suitable match in every way! Most fortunately you have no entanglement"—this was said with a certain tentativeness, but Duke, looking out of the window, did not seem to hear; "and of course we know that Adela's affections are not engaged."

"Do you think it is safe to take that for granted?" said Duke, looking round from the window.

"Most certainly." The cold bright blue eyes opened with something of surprise. "You know that when she came down here—"

"Yes—when she came down here," said the young man significantly.

The tone in which the words were spoken weighted them with meaning. Lady Oldcastle sat looking at her son for a moment as he stood looking at her.

"I don't think," he said quietly, looking away again, "that it by any means follows as a matter of course now."

Lady Oldcastle rose. She had turned pale for a moment; now she laughed a faint, cold, contemptuous laugh.

"My dear boy, what a fancy! Your brother has contrived to interest Adela more or less, it is true; but you must recollect that there has been absolutely no one else to claim her attention. She is a romantic girl too, and the ridiculous ideas and freaks which it pleases him to affect have very likely attracted her a little; but, as for anything further—" She broke off and laughed again.

"I don't know about that, though. Sometimes they seem to stand a pretty good chance with women—the ugly fellows," said Duke, but not without an involuntary glance of satisfaction at an adjacent mirror.

"It is absurd on the face of it," observed Lady Oldcastle slightingly; "marvellous how like it this morning, I thought, when I came upon them down on the beach."

"Guy!"—contemptuously. "Why should he affect your plans? Would you let Adela Nugent and her fortune slip merely because Guy cared for her?"

"Well—no," Duke admitted slowly, and then for the first time kindled into some show of temper. Well—no; considering that he'd let me go to the dogs—confound him once more! I don't know that I should feel called upon to do that. No, hang me if I should!" he muttered more angrily. "But that wasn't my question, mother. What I asked was, does he care for her?"

"Yes," Lady Oldcastle answered deliberately, quietly opening the door to go away. "Since you plainly ask me the question, I answer it—He loves her!"

"By Jove"—Duke looked at the closed door with white, stunned, and then broke into a laugh of intense amusement—"Guy in love," he exclaimed, chuckling—"the anchorite bewitched! I thought as much; but it was rather too rich a joke to take in all at once. Would be rather a joke to cut him out, and get even with him for coming into the world first in the first place, and being so abominably close-fisted in the second. It would rather lend a zest to my love-making, upon my life! I'll go in for it in earnest now, without any further shilly-shallying. I wonder where that little vixen of an Angel has dragged my Dulcinea? I'll go and find her."

He left the room with the brightest of carelessly gay expressions upon his handsome face, whistling idly. Sauntering across the hall, he passed the end of a certain passage just as, a little way down it, a door opened. It was the door of the sitting-room of Mrs. Uglow the housekeeper, and the housekeeper herself had opened it. At sight of her Duke stopped and sauntered a more or two down the passage.

"Ah, mother, how are you? I hardly saw you last night. Upon my word, you bear the time as well as my mother herself—and that's saying not a little!"

It was in this fashion that he always spoke to the woman, with a half-jesting kindness and confidence that was almost affectionate—indeed it was far easier to Marmaduke Oldcastle to speak kindly than harshly. When they chanced to be alone, yet, it had always been his custom to call her "mother." Not the eyes of his own mother, resting upon him just now, had done so with a look of more passionate affection than did hers. She had advanced as he did, and they stood close together in the passage-way.

"I am glad to hear that you think her ladyship is looking so well, Mr. Duke. It is a most happy thing, I am sure, that she has recovered so quickly from yesterday," said the housekeeper softly, looking, as she usually did look, more at the floor than at the face of her companion.

"Yesterday!" Duke echoed quickly. "What about yesterday?"

"Did not my lady mention it to you, sir?" asked Mrs. Uglow.

"Not if you mean that she was ill—certainly not! Was she?"

"She was indeed, sir. I was quite alarmed. When the gentleman rang the bell, and I went into the library and found my lady in a dead faint on the floor—"

"What," cried Duke—"in a faint! I say, Mrs. Uglow, this is serious! I never knew my mother to faint before."

"No, sir," assented the housekeeper, "neither did I, until yesterday. Her ladyship is always so very strong nerved; I have remarked it—nobody knowing her ladyship could fail to remark it. But no doubt the bad news the gentleman brought shocked her greatly—indeed she said as much to me."

"Who was the gentleman?" the young man asked abruptly.

"Really, Mr. Duke, I don't know at all. Quite a stranger to me, and I believe to her ladyship also. His name I do know; for I asked Kenrick."

"What was it?"—"Gabriel Dwight, sir."

"'Dwight,'" Duke repeated, frowning thoughtfully—"'Gabriel Dwight,' eh? Well, as far as I know, he certainly hasn't the pleasure of my acquaintance. So he brought bad news, did he? That's odd! Bad news of whom?"

"I believe of an old friend of her ladyship's, sir."

"An old friend? Strange it wasn't mentioned to me! What old friend?"

"You would not remember the name sir. I—I believe the gentleman died long ago—when you were quite a child."

The housekeeper's lean little hands began to tremble; and, as she faltered, she tried to turn back towards her room again. It seemed that she was suddenly nervous; perhaps she had not meant the conversation to go so far as this. Quite coolly Mr. Oldcastle got in the way and stopped her.

"You are a modern sphinx when you like, I know, Mrs. Uglow," he observed deliberately; "but you don't mystify me any more just now. You have done it pretty often since my father died with your hints and suggestions, which may mean something, or which you may throw out for the sheer pleasure of it—hang me if I know which, or care—but I don't. Come, you puzzled and bothered and set speculating and wondering any more just now. I swear that sometimes after talking to you and listening to you, I've gone off hardly feeling sure of what my own name is!" He stopped, looking at her, half amused at the evident alarm with which was expressed in her perfectly white face and shaking hands. "So," he continued coolly, "not to be mystified, and because I'm slightly curious, I'm going to please you with the name of my mother's mysterious old friend, who died when I was a baby, and whom she learns of seven or eight and twenty years after, and faints at the mention of."

"I should have said that he was believed to be dead, Mr. Duke—I always thought so; but now," faltered Mrs. Uglow, raising her shifting black eyes and letting them fall again, "I fancy—I think he must be alive."

"I should think so myself. But all this time," said Duke tranquilly, "you have not mentioned his name, you know."

"Mr. Duke"—the woman seemed to make a desperate effort to rally her courage as he still stood composedly barring the passage—"I—I am not the right person to ask for information. She knew that this was a slip, and made an instant attempt to rectify it. "I have not even said that I know the gentleman's name."

"True," returned Duke coolly, stand ing aside. "And, as you say, Mrs. Uglow, you are not the person to whom to come for information. Thanks for reminding me, I am sure. I'll ask my mother."

He was as honestly and completely in the dark as he had professed to be as to the game the woman was playing—provided that she was playing any specific game, at all, and not merely gratifying what he had learnt to look upon as a morbid taste for mystery and evasion; but he felt sure that to ask him so would play a winning card. It proved so. The housekeeper's excitement and agitation vanished in a moment; she raised her eyes to his, speaking as composedly as he had ever heard her speak in his life.

"I hope you will not trouble, Mr. Duke. After yesterday it might perhaps upset her to have the subject mentioned, and, again, it might rex her that I had spoken of it to you. I have really done so without remembering that I might be considered to be taking a liberty—which is far from my wishes. I know—since you ask me—the poor gentleman's name."

"What is it—or was it—whichever is right?" asked Mr. Oldcastle.

"'Martin Langton, sir."

"'Martin Langton!' Duke repeated the name as he had done that of Gabriel Dwight, and apparently was little the wiser for it. "Never heard of it," he said decisively. "Who was he?"

But he was speaking to nothing. Mrs. Uglow had adroitly twisted by him, and her key grated as she turned it in the lock of the door. Duke stood staring for a moment, then burst into a light laugh.

"By Jove, the old lady is a sphinx! What was she getting at? Taking her altogether, she's about the ugliest and most ungracious mortal I ever had the pleasure of being acquainted with. Not a bad old girl, though—to me, at any rate." He sauntered out of the passage as he had sauntered in, and strolled towards the open side door. "One of these days," he said half aloud, "I'll take the liberty of asking my mother who Martin Langton was—or is. It is a question which is not appropriate at present. Now for Lady Adela! I suppose I shall find her our here somewhere—without that little witch Angel in too close attendance, I hope. By Jove, I wouldn't make love to Venus with that young cockney looking on!"

Lady Adela was found burdened with more water lilies; but Angel was in close attendance, and resolutely declined to be shaken off. To send her to Miss Stone was impossible, for no Miss Stone was there. She had a headache, and had stopped indoors in consequence.

"She is always having headaches!" Angel said scornfully, as she imparted this information. "Her head ached yesterday, and she cried; and it ached to-day, and she cried. Carry the water lilies, cousin Duke," the young lady concluded imperiously. "Cousin Guy helped us carry them yesterday—didn't he, Lady Adela?"

So Duke found himself burdened with a loose bundle of damp stalked water lilies, and, beyond two small discoveries which he made, found the walk back to the house but an irksome affair, made as they were with Angel watching him with sharp black eyes and bewildering him with her chatter. The first was that Lady Adela was a good deal prettier than he had given her credit for being—which afforded him a great deal of satisfaction as he thought of his future ownership of that young lady. The second was that she by no means easy to flirt with—which did not satisfy him at all, threatening as it did to place his prospective ownership in some jeopardy.

No one was visible about the hall and staircases when the three got back to the house. Adela went upstairs at once. It was later than she had thought; the sun had made her head ache a little—she must rest a while before dinner, she said.

Duke looked at the pretty white figure with some chagrin, feeling that he was not, so far, making the progress which might have been looked for, and then his eyes turned downwards upon Angel, with her little sharp shrewd face upturned and her wild hair flying from under her red flannel cap.

"Look here, young one—take this stuff; I've had about enough of it;" and he deposited the wet bundle of water-lilies in her arms, looking rather disgusted, as if he had had a little too much of it. "Wait a second. Where are you going to take it to—the schoolroom?"

"No"—Angel looked back at him stolidly over her shoulder—"I'm going to the nursery. Miss Stone won't have 'em in the schoolroom—she's so stupid—she says I make a mess in the big vase that Blister made. It's beautiful, only the rabbit on it's bigger than the dog that's trying to catch him. I'm going to Adela's room to ask her to come and help me to make him another bunch," concluded Angel, with a toss of the fisherman's cap, and expeditiously mounting a few more stairs. "You needn't have any if you don't want to, I suppose! I shall tell Lady Adela you're cross because she's going to give some to Guy, and you don't want 'em yourself because you say they're nasty."

"Hang you, you little marplot!" Duke muttered to himself. "Nonsense," he said aloud and sharply—"Lady Adela doesn't want to be bothered with your rubbish! Take it into the nursery—do you hear?"

"I'm going to when I've called her," returned Angel tranquilly. She shouldered her lilies, mounted a little higher, and turned about again. "I don't think Adela likes you, cousin Duke," she said coolly—"not quite as much as she does cousin Guy—not near. She doesn't ever run away from him as she did from you just now, and she never, never, never, and talks to him just as long as he likes—so I know she likes him best. I'm going to ask her if she doesn't. And you shan't have any of my lilies—even if you want them. So there!"—and Angel, probably thinking that she had retaliated sufficiently and rendered her adversary uncomfortable—her unchildlike malice was that plainly—ran up the remaining stairs and disappeared down the gallery in the direction of Lady Adela's rooms.

Duke stood staring after her and frowning, half chagrined, half amused at the little creature's audacity. Then his natural light carelessness good temper reasserted itself, and he laughed.

"Confound the young vixen! What a sharp little minx it is! It won't be a bad thing to keep in Miss Angel's good graces, it strikes me. Humph! My mother has made a mistake, I fancy! This thing has gone a deal further than she thinks." He stood thoughtful for a moment. "All the more pleasure in playing the game," he said deliberately, "and all the more credit in winning the prize! I wouldn't risk a sov. upon your chance of making the running even now, Guy, my respectable sober-sided anchorite!" He pulled his fair moustache perplexedly and laughed again. "The awkward part of it is, though, that there are two women in the field."

He mounted the stairs slowly, sauntered, whistling softly, along the gallery, and turned down a small passage which oranched out of it. This brought him to a landing from which two or three doors opened, and having also a large window looking out upon the park.

Upon its broad ledge a girl was seated, her fair hair and round pink cheek pressed against the shining pane. She half glanced up as he appeared, shrugged her shoulder with a childishly sullen air, and looked away again. Duke advanced leisurely, and looked down at her with a laugh.

"This is a pretty welcome, Amy, upon my word! Come—be a good little girl and say something nice to me! Don't you think I deserve it, after being away for six months and more?"

"You were not obliged to stay away for six months," the pretty governess murmured petulantly.

"Oh, but I was though! I have been half over Europe since I saw you last. I don't know what I should have turned up now for, but I wanted to see my dear little girl again—a vast deal more than she ever wanted to see me, I dare swear!"

"That's not true," retorted the girl, with heaving bosom and the full red childish lips trembling—"you know it isn't! If you really cared about seeing me, you could have come before. And all the time you have been gone I have had only two letters besides the one the other day."

"Well—yes, I know," said Duke easily. He stood leaning against the window frame, looking down at the pretty figure and face, a picture of careless good temper. "But that isn't altogether my fault. It's uncommonly risky to write at all. Suppose your mother were to spot my letters? By Jove, what a row there would be!"

The little governess kept her eyes resolutely averted; she would not look up at the handsome indolent face. She was not so meek as Lady Oldcastle supposed. She was pretty, affectionate, passionate; she was also vain, jealous, and obstinate; and a whole tumult of these feelings was just then at war in her breast. She was passionately in love with Marmaduke Oldcastle, and was angry at his absence, resentful of his carelessness, most bitterly resentful of the secrecy which made his love a hidden thing, irritated by the knowledge that his love for her was at the best but a careless pastime—a knowledge that forced itself upon her in spite of her vanity and her wild clinging belief in him. And now this conflict of hopes and fears and miseries had received a fillip which distracted the pretty shallow creature—she was madly jealous of Adela Nugent.

(To be Continued.)

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"Why do you look so sad, Miss Ethel?"

"Sister Helen is going to marry Tom Barry."

"The worthless young reprobate! No wonder you are sad."

"Oh, it is not that. I wanted to marry him myself.

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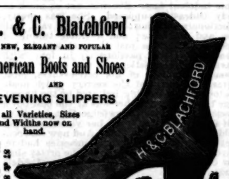

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T. C. C. Smoking Concert.

Last Saturday evening the Toronto Canoe Club held a smoking concert in their club house on the bay. A merry throng of paddlers and their friends were there to enjoy it. Dr. Powell, the jovial Commodore of the Club, was in charge, and "a right good man was he," for under his guidance everything went off swimmingly. The house and musical committees, composed of Messrs. A. Shaw, A. M. Rice, H. C. McLean, B. Jacques, R. Tyson, Henry Wright, Tom Elgie and C. A. Baird, worked hard to make the concert a success, and no guest of the club was that evening allowed "to paddle his own canoe." Ample refreshments were provided and each man sat beneath the shade of his own smoke wreaths to enjoy the programme, which was opened by a stirring Meeting Song, sung by the club. The feature of the evening was the magic lantern exhibition of a hundred canoeing views by Mr. Hugh Neilson of the Bell Telephone Co. Being from photographs taken by Mr. Neilson himself, and often of scenes familiar to many of the members of the club, they were most interesting and drew forth remarks and jokes which formed not the least enjoyable part of the evening's programme. Appropriate songs were sung with vim and vigor by Messrs. George B. McMurrich, Walter Reid, Harry Blight, Captain Behan, Charles Lugsdin and —. Baldwin. The humorous recitations of Messrs. Stuart and Arthur Mason were loudly applauded. The lack of formality, which is characteristic of canoe clubs the world over, marked this entertainment. On this fact being remarked, the Commodore said, "Yes, we have a habit, if anyone comes to a 'meet' of the club with a starched shirt on, of taking him out and giving him a plunge in the water. That soon gets away with the starch." When the night grew suspiciously near morning the concert was ended. Through the thick blue vapor from many pipes of peace were noticed the following gentlemen: Messrs. Norman B. Dick, Wilton Morris, J. L. Kerr, Henry Sherard, Nicholson, Stinson, Brown, Jacques, Weston, J. Kelly, Shaw, Charles Lugsdin, George Lugsdin, Morphy, Ed. Hackburn, A. M. Rice, W. C. Jephcott, H. Leckie, J. Bremmner, W. Cruickshank, Harry McCuaig, Frank F. Webb, W. A. Smith, J. A. Brown, S. Y. Baldwin, R. Kingsmill, George McMurrich, C. Henderson, A. H. Mason, Harry Blight, Walter Reid, Dr. Powell, Major Leigh, Col. Milligan, Capt. Behan and Hugh Wilson.

Personal.

Mr. Lionel Lawrence of New York is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. Park of Sherbourne street.

Robert A. Sinclair, one of our most brilliant and rising artists, died here on Tuesday morning, after a long-endured illness. The deceased was best known to his brother artist and a few immediate friends, who most sincerely mourn his death.

Mr. James Hector Maclean, city editor of the *World*, noted as one of the brightest of Canada's bright newspaper men, will be married at Ottawa, Tuesday evening, to Miss Dora Ring of that place. Mr. Richard J. Hickson of the Atradome will be the best man.

On Tuesday night Miss Crossthwaite of Toronto and Miss Horsborough of Hamilton left the city for China where they will be engaged in the inland mission service. A large number of friends assembled at the Christian Institute to bid God-speed.

Lodge Richmond, No. 65, S. O. E. B. S., spent a pleasant evening at Shaftesbury Hall on Wednesday evening. The occasion was their anniversary concert, and a very entertaining programme was given by the following ladies and gentlemen: Messrs. A. Lye, R. Gorrie, R. Baker, Parr, J. Lowe, S. Heakes, H. McKenzie, R. G. Waite and S. Jones, Mrs. Easton, Mrs. S. H. Manchee, Miss Sullivan and the Misses Hazard.

On Wednesday evening of last week, an At Home was held at the residence of Mr. Fred Jewell, 51 Charles street. The occasion was the celebration of the 17th birthday of Mr. Jewell's second daughter, Louie. The spacious parlors were crowded with the young folk, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. Host Jewell was surrounded by a number of his old friends who called back agreeable reminiscences of by-gone days.

On Wednesday of this week Mr. John Maclean, the father of protection in Canada and of the publisher of the Toronto *World*, celebrated his 64th birthday. Most of Mr. Maclean's life has been spent in active newspaper work, and he is still a regular contributor to the *World's* editorial columns. He is one of the ablest writers Canada has produced, and his penwork is still as vigorous and virile as ever.

And though his locks are snowy white
Yet still the cherry glow
Of summer in the kind old heart
Has melted all the snow.

Announcements.

The annual meeting of the Federation League of Canada will be held in Hamilton in the middle of May.

A preliminary meeting was held on Monday evening at the residence of Mr. W. J. McMaster, to consider the advisability of taking steps to secure the removal of Knox College. Sir Adam Wilson's suggestion prevailed, that a meeting be called for Saturday evening, April 13, at 8 o'clock, in Wardell's Hall, 356 Spadina avenue. The proposal is a good one, and the removal would greatly add to the beauty of Spadina avenue.

A charity concert, in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children, will be given in the Pavilion on May 9, by Heintzman & Co.'s Band and forty musicians.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons.

The beauty of Mrs. Scott-Siddons, coupled with her acknowledged supremacy amongst lady elocutionists of all nations always attracts, and it is many years since in this country she could complain of small audiences. Crowded houses and the plaudits of the multitudes who have attended her entertainments testify to the supreme merit which has kept her in the front rank of her profession. This is probably her last tour,—what has become known in the showman's parlance as "positively the last farewell tour," and the Press Club should have Association Hall crowded on Good Friday evening.

Books.

Around The World, by Lydia Levitt (James Murray & Co., Toronto), is a well-printed, handsomely bound and profusely illustrated description of the adventures of the author in a recent voyage from Canada to Australia. It shows that she has not only travelled largely in the Pacific continent, but is observant and knows how to describe what she has seen. The continuation of her trip around the world also includes many charming descriptions, and a pleasing feature of the reading is the fact that we may soon expect to hear Mrs. Levitt describe her travels on the platform and see the incidents illustrated by stereopticon views. Having been able to write so entertaining a book, there should be no doubt of her ability to please an audience.

Toronto Called Back and the Queen's Jubilee (third edition) from 1847-1888, by Conyngham C. Taylor (William Briggs & Co.), contains 518 pages and 53 illustrations, comprising in addition to former issues many portraits of local celebrities together with biographical sketches. It deals in an interesting, chatty way with the progress of the city for the last forty-two years, and one is surprised that our local history contains so much that is interesting. Mr. Taylor's book would be invaluable for distribution amongst that large class of old country folk who are not quite rich enough to live well in England but who have sufficient income to make them very comfortable in Canada, and support a place in what is really our worthiest society.

The Berlitz School of Languages, 81 King street east, is being every day more frequented by the most fashionable ladies and gentlemen of the city. New courses are always beginning. Instruction is given privately and in classes by the well-known Berlitz Method.

New Music.

Six O'Clock in the Bay, in E flat, is the first worthy successor of Nancy Lee, which has been offered masculine songsters, and if anything is better than its prototype. The Old Manor Hall, a charming song with a delightful minuet movement, should be on every music stand. Mona words by F. E. Weatherly; music by Stephen Adams, is a pretty song after the style of Gathering the Myrtle With Mary. It is one of the prettiest of the newer pieces. Turn, Time. Turn; song by Arthur Chapman; music by L. Denza in B flat. C. and D. is a pretty song, with an exceedingly fine chorus. Also The Golden Argosy and St. Anthony, by F. E. Weatherly; music by Rope Temple, are good, particularly the latter, which is humorous, and has a wonderfully pleasing air. All of these are placed by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publisher's Association on the music editor's table.

Possessed of an intuitive knowledge and extreme good taste in regard to gentlemen's wearing apparel, Mr. Henry A. Taylor has drawn about his establishment thousands of the best dressed men of the land and his reputation has become national. A large number of the bankers, politicians, professional men, manufacturers and merchants, not only of Toronto, but all parts of the Dominion, depend almost entirely upon the judgment and taste of this artist in this special department of trade for the clothes they wear. One of the best dressed men in our city once remarked, "This man Taylor is a most remarkable person. It is a fact, in building garments he can make a short man look taller, a tall man shorter, a thin man thicker, and a thick man thinner. You may not believe this, but it is true. Taylor's clothes are always faultless as to style and fit, and a man who wears a Taylor suit always feels well dressed." Mr. Taylor is aided by the fact that he always carries an endless variety of cloths of every description and design, his knowledge does not come from books alone, although he is a close reader. He gets his ideas in a large measure from observation. Each year he visits the principal cities in the United States where he observes the clothes worn by the best dressed men of the nation and foreign countries as well. These ideas he formulates to the advantage of his own trade as occasion requires. Mr. Taylor possesses a rare combination of artistic skill and ingenuity in building a garment and his clothes are the perfection of style, ease, grace and comfort. He invites his friends and the public generally to give him a call this season, when he insures entire satisfaction. Remember the West End Tailor, 119 King street west, Toronto.

The Editor's Weak Point.

Future Greeley—Have you any vacancies on your editorial staff?

Busy Editor—No, sir; no, sir Good-da——

Future Greeley—I'm sorry you haven't, because it's my only chance to get a position in this town.

Editor (suspiciously)—Eh! Have you been working on the *Daily Blower* across the way? Did you come to me after being discharged from that miserable sheet!

Oh, no, sir; I never worked on that paper.

Oh, you didn't! Then I suppose you applied for a position on its editorial staff, and——

Editorial staff?

Yes.

Editorial staff! Bless you, no. I didn't suppose from the looks of the sheet that it had any.

Young man, your hand! Sit down! Have a cigar! I'll see what I can do for you.

A Rogue Exposed.

Winkel (at a reception)—That English lord is an impostor. He is not even an Englishman. He's an American.

Minkel—Eh! How did you find that out?

Winkel—I offered to call for him with my carriage to-morrow, and take him a little drive around the suburbs—Maine, Texas, California, etc.; and instead of accepting the offer, he laughed.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

ARMITAGE—On April 2, at St. Catharines, Mrs. W. J. Armitage—a son.

CAWKER—On April 2, at Tilsonburg, Mrs. F. Cawker—a son.

McINTOSH—On March 25, at Toronto, Mrs. A. K. McIntosh—a son.

QUA—On March 25, at Toronto, Mrs. F. Qua—a son.

ROEBLER—On April 1, at Toronto, Mrs. Charles O. Roesler—a son.

HAVERSON—On April 5, at Oshawa, Mrs. D. C. Haverson—a son.

KILGOUR—On April 6, at Toronto, Mrs. Robert Kilgour—a son.

McLACHLIN—On March 30, at Leaskdale, Mrs. A. B. McLachlin—a daughter.

RICE—On April 6, at Toronto, Mrs. R. B. Rice—a son.

PETMAN—On April 7, at Toronto, Mrs. H. Franklyn Petman—a son.

FARLEY—On March 13, at Putney, Surrey, England, Mrs. Charles James Farley—a daughter.

KERR—On April 8, at Toronto, Mrs. J. K. Kerr—a son.

HENDERSON—On March 30, at Toronto, Mrs. Charles Henderson—a son.

SMITH—On April 9, at Toronto, Mrs. J. Austin Smith—a son.

ROBERTSON—On April 2, at Toronto, Mrs. Alex. J. Robertson—a daughter.

Marriages.

KAY—BINNIE—On April 2, at Ballinafad, Rev. W. M. Kay to Jennie Binnie.

SALE—GOBLE—On April 4, at Gobles, Ont., George Sale of Toronto, to Clara Beatrice Goble.

TRUEMAN—WARD—On April 4, at Toronto, Albert Trueman of London, England, to Bertha Annie Ward of this city.

WEST—ROAT—On April 2, at Berlin, Thomas J. West to Mary Emma Roat.

NOBLE—ROUMILLAT—On March 21, at San Antonio, Florida, James Noble, formerly of Toronto, to Mrs. S. M. Roumillat.

GRAHAM—HOLLINGER—On April 2, at Scarboro, Alman Graham of Cartwright, to Larina Hollinger of Pickering.

HAMILTON—BRUMELL—On April 10, at Toronto, Wm. Arthur Hamilton to Mary Lilian Burnell.

PEARSON—SMITH—On April 9, at Toronto, W. H. Pearson, jr., to Annie Emily Smith.

STEWART—DUNCAN—On April 10, at York Township, William H. Stewart to Maggie Duncan.

Deaths.

BARCLAY—On April 9, at Toronto, George Barclay, aged 39 years.

ECCLESTONE—At Toronto, Francis E. Ecclestone, aged 69 years.

KING—On April 8, at Toronto, Isabella Esther King, aged 18 years.

McLEAN—On April 8, at Parkdale, Mrs. Thomas McLean.

McDONALD—On April 9, at Township of York, Edmund W. McDonald, aged 66 years.

SINCLAIR—On April 9, at Toronto, Robert A. Sinclair, aged 39 years.

VINCENT—On April 4, at Chicago, Mrs. Harry Vincent, formerly of Guelph, Ont.

SOOTHERAN—On April 6, at Niagara Falls South, Geo. H. Sootheran, aged 67 years.

WILLMOTT—On April 5, at Newton Brook, Mrs. J. C. Willmott, aged 49 years.

DREWRY—On March 27, at Toronto, Albert H. Drewry, aged 5 months.

MILLS—On April 8, at Toronto, Geo. Mills, sr., aged 74 years.

CHEW—On April 6, at Weston, Mrs. Mary Ann Chew, aged 78 years.

CAWKER—At Tilsonburg, Mrs. F. Cawker, aged 27 years.

McLEOD—On April 5, at Owen Sound, Mrs. Norman McLeod, aged 30 years.

GREEN—On April 8, in Township of Stamford, George Green, aged 63 years.

HENSCHEL
VOCAL
RECITAL
Saturday Evening, April 13
8.15 P.M.
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COLLEGE OF MUSIC, PEMBROKE ST.
ADMISSION - - $1

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IN AID OF THE INFANTS' HOME
IN
HORTICULTURAL PAVILION
FROM
Tuesday, April 23, to Saturday, April 27
INCLUSIVE
High Tea at 5 p.m.
Performance at 8 p.m.
Saturday Matinee at 2 p.m.
DANCES
The Hungarian Gipsy
Swedish Spanish
Lawn Tennis
By 84 young ladies and gentlemen.
THE BRITANNIA
By 50 young people of sweet sixteen.
CINDERELLA'S BALL
By 80 children, introducing the Court Minuet.
MANY OTHER ATTRACTIONS
General Admission - - - - - - 50c.
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Tea - - - - - - - - - - 25c.

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SIDDONS
ASSOCIATION HALL
DRAMATIC RECITALS
Good Friday Evening - - - - 10
Matinee Saturday - - - - - 10
Reserved seats, 75c. and 50c. Admission 25c.
Plan opens at Nordheimers' on Friday morning, 12th inst.

PAVILION, THURSDAY, APRIL 11
Torrington's Orchestra
AND
AGNES THOMSON, Soprano
E. W. SCHUDEL, Basso
GEORGE FOX, Violin H. M. FIELD, Pianist
LUDWIG CABELL, 'Cello
H. L. CLARKE, Cornet
TORONTO BRASS QUARTETTE
F. H. TORRINGTON - - Conductor
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Reserved Seats, 50 Cents.
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PRICES LOW. ONLY ONE PRICE
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Warerooms, 117 King Street W., Toronto.

Modern Worship of Shakespeare.

Stratford-on-Avon in summer we have seen many a time and oft, and always to find the shrine of the great poet so thronged with eager pilgrims as to render the work of sight seeing one of considerable difficulty. Within the last few weeks the writer has, for the first time, visited Stratford in mid winter, and owing to the scarcity of visitors and the leisure of the sight showers he has seen more and learnt more of the birthplace of the Immortal Bard than he has been enabled to do in all his previous visits.

We do not propose to exhaust the fund of information which we were enabled to glean, but there are one or two points which cannot fail to interest our readers.

In the first place, we gathered that the number of pilgrims to Shakespeare's shrine averages 17,000 every year.

The verger of the church, who now gives each visitor, in exchange for sixpence, a printed account of all that the building contains of Shakespearean interest, told us that of all the visitors who came to the poet's tomb none were so enthusiastic as the American. "A New York millionaire," he said, "came a short time ago, and when he had looked at the effigy of the poet on the chancel wall and read the worn inscription on the slab, commencing with the well-known lines:

"Good friend, for Jesu's sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here,"

the millionaire actually knelt down and kissed the slab with passionate fervor.

The lady who is now the custodian of the poet's birthplace to whom we related this incident said she was not at all surprised by it. "But," she added, "as passionately fond as the Americans are of Shakespeare, they are outdone in enthusiasm by the Germans. A German scholar, a translator of Shakespeare, was here a year ago, and on my pointing out to him the 'ingle nook' on which young Shakespeare used to sit, he took his seat there and burst into a flood of tears. 'I am foolish, said he, 'but the dream of my life is now accomplished, and I could contain my feelings no longer.'

Whereupon an Oxford undergraduate, who was the writer's companion, sat in the same seat and slyly whimpered, "The tears won't come." "That's right," said the lady: "I'd rather visitors were cheerful than sad."

Turning our attention to a magnificent portrait of Shakespeare, taken in his prime, she contrasted its beauty with that of the effigy in the chancel. The poet was, she informed us, a true Englishman, and liked beef and beer, which liking gave him in his later age a corpulent appearance. But as she well observed, the grand forehead is there even in his latest portraiture, and in intellect he stands forth every inch a king.

Our party did full justice to literature that day. We examined Shakespeare's relics thoroughly (not omitting the "New Place" and the Memorial Theater), we lunched at the well-known hotel in Washington Irving's Room, and we honored the author of Pickwick by choosing for our repast "chops and tomato sauce."

Mid winter though it was, the aspect of Stratford was consistent with all the traditions of the Immortal Bard, as were the last look of the grand avenue of limes which leads to the church, the sound of the cawing rooks, and the softly flowing Avon, which bounds the churchyard, and which sings on now, as in the time of Shakespeare, its everlasting song—

"Men may come and men may go,
But I flow on for ever!"

—Saturday Journal.

The Bashful Men.

The following recent occurrence illustrates the antipathy which men have to the elaborate preparations and show which characterise fashionable weddings. A fashionable young lady tried to drag a bridegroom to the altar in the convential style, but was doomed to mortifying failure.

She had visited the rectory of a fashionable church and told the minister of her prospects, the retiring disposition of her intended, and asked him to perform the marriage ceremony on a certain day.

Arrangements were made, and on the day appointed the young people presented themselves at the minister's residence. The church was opened, and a large congregation was in attendance to witness the ceremony.

The young man would not budge an inch from the minister's quiet parlor. The minister refused to marry the couple at his house. The young man would not go to the church, the tears and entreaties of his intended being of no avail. The minister was obliged to dismiss the congregation, and that man and woman are yet two.

All the Difference.

A certain judge was as witty a man as he was a learned jurist. He had a quick, subtle, and acute mind, with a nervous and very hurried manner, speaking so fast that it was difficult for the listener to keep up with his words.

On one occasion a young and zealous lawyer, not over punctilious in his allusions to the court, not very formal in his manner, was arguing a law question before the judge, and in the course of his argument, by way of illustration, wished to "suppose a case."

"We will suppose, your lordship," said he, "that your lordship were to steal a horse——"

"No! no! no!" interrupted the judge. "Not at all, not at all; 'tain't a supposable case, Mr. S——; 'tain't a supposable case."

"Very well, begging your lordship's pardon," proceeded the eager lawyer, with more zeal than prudence, "very well, then, supposing that I should steal a horse——"

"Ah! yes, yes, yes," said the Judge, "that is a different thing; very likely, Mr. S——, very likely. Proceed, Mr. S——."

Mr. S—— proceeded to take a seat amid the shouts of his brethren, and had the good sense to take the joke in good part, and repeat it often to his friends.

The Lady and the Dwarf.

Johann Wilhelm Preyer, the famous painter of still-life, who died at Dusseldorf a few weeks ago, was a remarkably small specimen of the genus *homo*, differing, however, from ordinary dwarfs by the symmetry and exact proportion of all the parts of his diminutive frame. When between twenty and thirty years of age, his fresh, ruddy and beardless face, and the shrill and boyish tone of his voice, caused people to take him for a child of eight or ten at most. The illusion was still further heightened by his dress: a short black velvet jacket with a large turn-down collar, over which his smoothly-parted hair hung in thick clusters. . . About that time Preyer set out for Munich to inspect the art treasures in that city, and to visit his old patron, Master Cornelius, the former president of the Dusseldorf Academy. When Preyer called at the house of the latter, he had gone out, and the servant who had answered the door ran in to tell her mistress that a little boy was waiting outside to see the master. The lady went to speak to the little visitor.

"What is it you want, my child?" she asked the painter, who at the approach of the lady took off his velvet cap and made a deep bow, saying in his shrill voice—

"I wish to speak to Herr Cornelius."

"He is not at home, but if you will step this way you can wait for him, he will not be long."

So saying, she took the little fellow into the parlor, and offered him a stool to sit on. In a short time the fair hostess became quite charmed with her youthful visitor, and at last she lifted him on her lap and listened with intense delight to the innocent prattle of the clever child. Suddenly the door opened, and Cornelius appeared on the threshold. Taking in the situation at a glance, he called out, "Ah! good morning, Herr Preyer! How on earth did you get here?"

"Herr Preyer!"

And with a shriek of horror, Frau Cornelius jumped up, tumbled Herr Preyer on the floor, and fled into the next room. Cornelius and Preyer, after he had picked himself up again, laughed till their sides ached. The former had some difficulty in getting his wife to come back again. At last she mustered sufficient courage to allow herself to be formally introduced to the strange visitor who was retained as a guest to dinner, over which the amiable hostess presently regained her former self-possession.

A Cute Bargainer.

As is well known in the village of D——, Mistress M'Hauden is a keen hand at a bargain, and few have ever been able to boast that they have "got the beat o' her" in a deal. The other day she entered the shop of Sandy Mactavish, where everything and anything, from a pair of spectacles to an ounce of tea, can be purchased, and said:

"Wad ye sell me a sugar basin withoot the cover, Sandy?"

"Oo, ay," said Sandy, who would sell the shoes off his feet at a profit.

"Hoo muckle is this yin?" inquired the canny customer.

"That's a shullin', complete, mem."

"An' whit for the basin withoot the lid?"

"Elevenpence."

"D'ye only tak aff a penny for the lid?"

"Weel, the lid's no worth mair nor a penny."

"Eh, that's guid news," ejaculated the old lady, with a sigh of relief; "it's only the lid o' mine I've broken," and so saying, she laid down a penny and walked off with the coveted lid before the astonished shopkeeper had time to interfere.

A Flat Refusal.

Janitor—Have you any children, sir?
Mr. Kidby—Yes; three.
Janitor—I can't let you have this flat, then.
Mr. Kidby—But my children are all married.
Janitor—It does n't make no difference.
Mr. Kidby—They live out in Chicago.
Janitor—Can't help it, sir; the owner says he won't rent to nobody who has children, under no circumstances.

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Gold & Silver Fringes Laces, Cords, Tassels, etc.

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Societies, Sunday Schools, Excursion Committees and others contemplating excursions this season to Niagara Falls, Buffalo, St. Catharines, Erie Park, etc., come down and get our rates before chartering elsewhere. Early application ensure a choice of dates. Apply to W. A. TEDDES, 38 Yonge St., or to W. H. SMITH, Purser st. Empress of India, 38 Yonge St.

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Upon presentation of certificates from principal will be issued tickets at fare and one-third for the round trip, good going April 6 to 19 inclusive, good to return until April 30, 1889.

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AT

Marvellously Low Prices

"How I Escaped," edited by the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," at 25 cents; "John Bodwin's Testimony," by Mary Hallock Foote, at 20 cents; and "The Battle of the Swash and the Capture of Canada," by Samuel Barton, and under same cover Dr. W. George Beers' celebrated speech at Syracuse, for 25 cents. The above are all from the press of

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For Boys' and Youths' Clothing in all the leading styles go to the Palace Clothing House. See window. These goods are cut in all the la'est styles, and will be sold at the cost of manufacture for one week only.

P. JAMIESON, The Boys' Clothier

Cor. Yonge and Queen Streets.

P. S.—A full assortment of Boys' Hats just to hand in all the nobby American styles.

JAMIESON, THE HATTER

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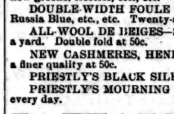

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COMBINATIONS OF PLAIN MATERIAL AND FLOWERED—Costumes in this style already made up, and the material as well, both plain and figured. All the new colors represented. Nothing newer. Nothing more fashionable.

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DOUBLE-WIDTH FOULE CLOTHS—All the new shades, including the Lizard, Moss and Reed Greens, Pale Terra Cotta, Electric and Russia Blue, etc., etc. Twenty-seven different shades—45c. a yard.

ALL-WOOL DE BEIGES—SINGLE AND DOUBLE FOLD—All the Fashionable Heather Mixtures—all the new shades. Single fold at 25c. a yard. Double fold at 50c.

NEW CASHMERES, HENRIETTA FINISH, COLORED AND BLACK—All the same new shades and colors—45 inches wide, 42c. a yard; a finer quality at 50c.

PRIESTLY'S BLACK SILK WARP HENRIETTAS—The finest and most delicate make in the market.

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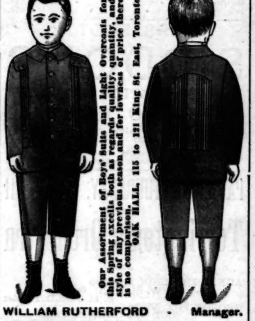

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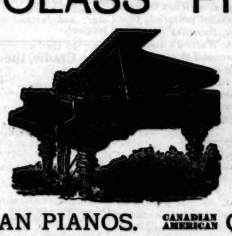

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